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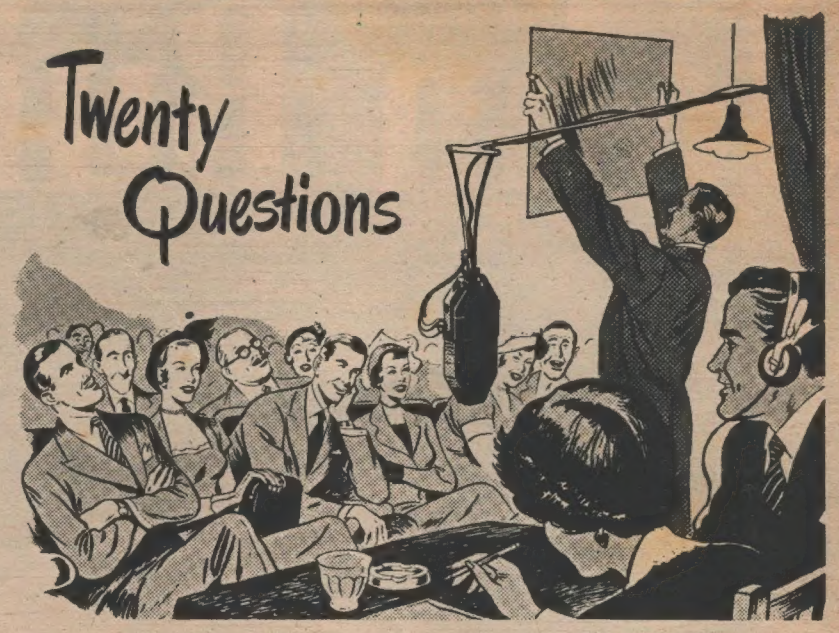

The object is vegetable. Do we use it in our daily lives? Indeed, we do. Is it a necessity or a luxury? Both. Is it just a thing, or a particular one of many things? It is a particular kind, a superior kind of a very common object. Is it taxed? Alas, heavily! It's a cigarette! Yes, but not just a cigarette. What's particular about it? It is larger than average and, as many think, superior to most. It's an *EMBASSY!* Right!

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EDITORIAL

Our libraries are good, but could be better

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES of Britain have just been celebrating their centenary. There have been special book displays, talks and exhibitions all over the country; a big conference in London, attended by over a hundred foreign and Commonwealth government representatives and librarians.

A good deal of solid achievement has given point to these celebrations.

Ten years after the passing of the first effective Public Libraries' Act in 1850, there were only twenty-eight library authorities in the whole country. Today we have 587 such authorities, and over 42,000,000 books.

Much of this development has been quite recent. Progress was, in fact, wretchedly slow up to 1919, when the removal of the rate limit of one penny for public library services in England and Wales made it possible to provide funds for expansion. Even after that date, local authorities were reluctant or hesitant to spend money on such intellectual "luxuries" as the public libraries.

In spite of the spread of education, the growing desire for general knowledge, and the growth of discussion groups and book clubs, there were still far too many shortcomings as recently as 1942. This was all too clearly shown by an exhaustive report on the public library system of Great Britain, which was then prepared by Lionel McColvin, city librarian of Westminster, who has taken a leading part in this month's conference.

MR. MCCOLVIN went patiently into the causes of the anomalies and deficiencies revealed in his report. Among them were: units of service far too small to meet demands; authorities unable or unwilling to provide the necessary means; lack of co-ordination; lack of guidance or inspiration; lack of trained personnel.

His total indictment was formidable, but, like so many wartime inquiries, it was overshadowed by events and pigeon-holed. So, too, were the proposals later put forward by the council of the Library Association.

The centenary year surely provides a superlative opportunity for re-opening the whole subject. Celebration is fine, but reform is still needed.

It is hard to find too much satisfaction in the achievements of the good libraries—providing adequate supplies of books, well displayed and indexed, in properly equipped buildings—when at least 60,000 people in less fortunate parts of the country are without any public library service whatsoever, and many more have only indifferent facilities.

Library Acts have always been "adoptive," which means that local authorities are free to ignore them if they choose. Thus we find some bodies allocating as much as five shillings a head per year to library maintenance, while others deem threepence enough. Naturally, there are cases where expenditure is limited by means, but it is not always so.

When Edward Edwards, the pamphleteer who helped to put the first Public Libraries Act on the Statute Book, was crusading more than a hundred years ago, one of his opponents was a Colonel Sibthorpe who had "not liked reading when at Oxford" and saw no reason for expending public money encouraging other people to read. The mentality still survives in some quarters.

BECAUSE there are no prescribed or even generally accepted standards for our public libraries, the most glaring discrepancies are sometimes found in adjoining districts: a good and efficient service here and a bad or almost non-existent one there. Again, there are county and urban libraries at loggerheads, through duplication and lack of co-ordination.

An obvious remedy would be to lay down minimum national standards of library service and make these compulsory on all local authorities. Parliamentary action on these lines is not out of the question.

But compulsion is an unpopular and perhaps unsuitable method. Part of the essence of a free library is that it should be "free" in every sense of the word, and local administration, with its greater regard for local needs and interests, is undoubtedly best *so long as it is efficient*.

Anyway, there is a good case, even in times of severe and unavoidable financial strain, for the provision of funds to help such co-operative schemes as the National Central Library, and to make grants to libraries in districts unable to afford either buildings or books on the scale now recognized as adequate.

Public libraries are not just collections of musty old books on miscellaneous and mostly dull subjects. They are an essential part of the equipment of a democratic nation. And it daily becomes more and more important that the ordinary man should have access to the books of all kinds which alone will enable him to acquire all the available information on a given subject and "think it out" for himself.

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FREE SPEECH

Would the Germans join up?

I HAVE JUST RETURNED from Germany and have therefore found JOHN BULL'S three-part survey, "Can We Defend The West?" by Liddell Hart, particularly interesting. When the question of rearming the Germans arose, I asked two German ex-Servicemen what they thought. Their answer was quite definite—"not for me."

One lives in a town bordering the Russian Zone. He has only to look around to see how thin our troops are on the ground. If the Russians marched, he feels that Germany would be overrun; why, he says, should he offer himself as cannon-fodder to bolster a shaky defence? The other, an ex-officer from a military family, said surprisingly that if we rearmed the Germans it would give Russia a perfect excuse for stirring up trouble. To create a German police on Eastern Zone lines might attract too many ex-Nazis. The most he would concede was the idea of asking Germans to volunteer for a European Army—run by non-Germans.

I believe the Germans *will* volunteer. But these two opinions suggest that German ex-Servicemen who know what war means are not likely to come forward unless we can show them that they have a reasonably successful chance of defending themselves.—S. C., Kent.

Little Winks Explained

THE STORY OF YOUNG WINKS, the four-year-old with his own language ("Free Speech," September 2), interested me very much. My sister and I had a language of our own at Winks's age and we use it to this day in private conversation. Winks's improvisations seem to arise from shape associations, and, without being Freudian, I'd like to suggest that 6 is "a cuddly baby" because it vaguely suggests the foetus shape babies assume when curled up, the base of the 6 being baby's head. I, too, think that 3 is "a greedy thing"—it looks bright and aware, its "mouth" (two lips and a tongue) is open and it definitely has a "miss-nothing" aspect. The other numbers are easily traced by their shape except perhaps 2, "a kink-kink." This will be a private association—perhaps the clink of two pennies, one on the other, on pocket-money day.—MRS. F. COX, "Goosehill," Normanton, Yorks.

. . . Young Winks's strange language is mostly due to an association of ideas suggested by the shape of the figures. (1) "a straight one" is a straight stroke, (2) "a kink-kink" is the kink or curve in the middle of the figure, (5) "esser or essa" is the letter "S"—not unlike the figure 5. Figure 8 or "glasses" may be associated with a pair of spectacles stood on end.—MISS E. EASTON, 482 Green Lane, London, S.E.9.

The Ladies Objected

CONGRATULATIONS FOR publishing Graham Fisher's article, "Taking The Stars To The Village" (JOHN BULL, August 26). It served two excellent purposes. It dispelled the idea that mobile cinema work is nothing more than "beer and skittles"; it contradicted a wide belief that running costs are practically nil and the resulting profits large. Like Arthur Sheldrake, I, too, find that if a film offends it is always the operator who carries the "can." I remember in one village, after showing a George Formby film in which he played a ladies' underwear salesman, receiving a strong complaint from several elderly ladies that the film was highly improper. It carried a "U" certificate!—G. BROMFIELD JONES, The Laurels, Dollicot, Haddenham, Bucks.

Men Can't Take It

READING JAMES TERRY'S interesting article, "I Am That Bogeyman—A Dentist" (JOHN BULL, September 2), reminded me of a recent visit to the dentist. While sitting in the dentist's waiting-room, I couldn't help noticing how unfavourably the composure of the men compared with that of the women. Whereas the women sat calmly chatting and smiling, the men were nervy and fidgety. It made me wonder whether women are more immune to pain than men, or, as I think, men are bigger cowards.—MRS. DORMAN, 45 Highclere Road, Knaphill, Woking, Surrey.

Not So Funny Joke

YOUR CARTOON ABOUT soccer transfers (JOHN BULL, September 2) should be enlarged and hung up in the offices of the Football Association. But, I suggest, it should not be treated as a joke but taken seriously as representing the rotten state of professional football.

I was a supporter of a well-known club once. Now I consider that professional football is just a racket. I cannot understand how people can continue to

pay money every week to see a team playing which cannot, by any stretch of imagination, be regarded as a side representing the football talent of their district. What can be more absurd, for instance, than to see a player on duty for a home team one Saturday and playing against them the next? The sooner a residential qualification clause is introduced, as in cricket, the sooner we shall see the end of ridiculous transfer fees.—R. ELLIOTT, 22 Northdown Drive, Thurmaston, Leicester.

Cumbrian He-men

I ENJOYED DUDLEY HOYS'S short story, "Man Of Spirit" (JOHN BULL, August 26), but it made me wonder whether he knows anything about scything. "Garthie," he writes, "had been known to scythe a three-acre field in nine hours." Well, it used to be reckoned, and still is today, that for a man to scythe *one* acre in a day of ten hours was a very good day's work.—W. HYND, Avilhill, Killrenie, Ayrshire.

Dudley Hoys says: "The physical achievements of Garthie are based on fact. There used to be two immensely powerful brothers living near Wasdale who hired themselves out to scythe. They would carry with them for one day's 'refreshment,' a pin of beer (four and a half gallons) and a ham. They reckoned on cutting six acres in a day, with two short breaks to finish off the ham and the beer. Incidentally, the picture painted in whisky that I wrote about also exists. Last time I saw it, it looked slightly drunk."

Reserved But Vacant

WHY DOES BRITISH RAILWAYS persist in marking many more seats as reserved than are actually booked by intending passengers? Recently I made the return trip between Liverpool and London. At Liverpool, after a search, I found an unreserved seat in a compartment in which all the corner seats were labelled "Reserved." Yet as soon as the train left the platform, a dining-car attendant pulled the labels off the seats which had not been occupied. On my return trip, the situation was worse. Dozens of people searched for unlabelled seats, and when the train left Euston many were standing in the corridors—yet nearly every corner seat was unoccupied, marked "Reserved."—ROBERT B. KELLY, 6 Dean Avenue, Grove Road, Wallasey, Cheshire.

British Railways (London Midland Region) says: "We will be pleased to investigate this complaint if we have more details. A certain proportion of seats on all trains is left unreserved, but we do find some seats which are reserved by intending passengers are not taken up for one reason or another. Journeys are sometimes cancelled, passengers miss the train and people with reserved seats may find others more to their liking or go first to the dining-car."

Spreading Goodwill At Home

W. E. PURCELL'S ARTICLE, "Pick And Shovel Idealists" (JOHN BULL, September 2) serves to draw our attention to the need for international understanding as exemplified in the work of International Voluntary Service for Peace. This practical way of showing goodwill towards one's neighbour can also be carried out nearer home. When I was in college we used very often to spend one whole day a week digging in the grounds of a nearby hospital in order to help the gardener. We thoroughly enjoyed the experience and felt better for it. All types of senior schools might well consider doing this or similar work as part of the ordinary curriculum.—JOHN H. BEAMER, Woodruff House, Ambler Thorn, Halifax.

John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter

THIS WEEK'S COVER

WAITING in a barber's shop, Leslie Otway got the idea for this picture. "I could almost see the boy's thoughts," he says. "Playtime wasted in a huge overall—and a wasp on his nose—it was too high a price for a well-groomed head that he didn't want anyway. That, and the barber's preoccupation, made a subject I could not miss. Luckily, the wasp flew off without doing any harm to the lad."

Talking of

HAIR..

what is happening to YOURS?

Too many people, men especially, take their hair for granted. They keep it trimmed and washed and believe they can safely leave it at that. How much the hair may suffer from this mistaken belief this article clearly shows.

Is it inevitable that a baby's downy growth of hair . . .

. . . should reach perfection in early manhood . . .

. . . only to disappear, often well before old age?

As you can easily prove by pulling a hair from your head and examining the 'root', your hair begins beneath the skin. From this bulbous end it grows up through the scalp, deriving life, growth and nourishment from beneath, almost exactly as a plant does from the soil. The only difference is that whereas outside influences, particularly light and warmth, play a vital part in plant growth, the hair depends chiefly for its development and health upon special foods produced by the body and supplied from within.

Thanks to the work of biologists and trichologists, much is now known of the processes governing hair growth. Moreover, the various hair-forming-substances produced by the body for the development and growth of the hair have been isolated and identified.

14 Essential Substances

Hair is produced, and its growth maintained by the body, with the aid of at least 14 separate substances to which Science has given such names as tryptophane, tyrosine and cystine, to name only three. The important thing to remember is that the healthy growth of your hair depends upon adequate and properly regulated supplies of *all fourteen* of these vital substances. Disturbance of the balance of these 'raw materials' of hair growth or partial failure of the flow of them to the hair-forming tissues produces gradual starvation and subsequent loss of hair which, if allowed to continue, leads inevitably to baldness.

Hair begins beneath the scalp.

What happens in middle-age?

A philosopher once remarked, with dismal truth, that we begin to die from the day we are born. Certainly we need no reminding that with the arrival of middle-age there is a noticeable slowing up of our bodily activities. The majority of middle-aged heads, especially male heads, bear silent witness to this.

Most people accept loss of hair after middle-age philosophically as an inevitable part of growing old. But is it? If loss of hair is unavoidable why is it that many men and women retain youthful heads of hair until advanced old age while others lose hair in comparative youth?

The answer is that those who keep their hair are enjoying the results of ample supplies of tryptophane, tyrosine, cystine and the other hair-forming substances. In others less fortunate, those supplies are failing fast.

'Getting a little thin on top, Sir.'

Can baldness be postponed?

Faced with fast-falling hair most people make some attempt to delay the evil day when baldness can no longer be denied. Some try to disguise the fact with long forelocks and other subterfuges. But the wise and knowledgeable face up to the fact that their hair is dying from 'natural causes' and that a *natural treatment* is the only hope of saving the situation.

One of the first and essential steps on the road to the recovery of hair health is to adopt regular and thorough massage of the scalp. It is quite easy and, properly done, produces wonderfully beneficial results by loosening up the scalp and stimulating the flow of blood through the capillaries. But massage alone is insufficient to maintain the full growth of the hair. To do this you must massage into the scalp the hair foods and nutrients which the body is failing to supply in adequate quantities.

Regular massage, the golden rule.

How Science helps

As many thousands of men and women have discovered to their benefit, science has produced a treatment which, provided the hair roots are still alive, enables the youthful health and vigorous growth of the hair to be restored. This treatment is called *Pure Silvikrin* and consists of a combination of tryptophane, tyrosine, cystine and the other natural hair-producing substances so balanced as to produce the correct chemical equivalent of nature's own hair food. Massaged into the scalp, *Pure Silvikrin* carries on where nature leaves off, feeding the hair with the vital nourishment it needs.

Besides *Pure Silvikrin* for severe dandruff and falling hair, there is Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion, the ideal daily treatment for less serious cases; Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion with Oil, for those whose hair is on the dry side; and Silvikrin Soapless Shampoos, Powder or Liquid—refreshing and beneficial shampoos for all types of hair.

The makers of Pure Silvikrin have issued an interesting little booklet about hair care and treatment. A copy may be had by any reader of 'John Bull' without charge by sending a postcard to Silvikrin Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), North Circular Road, London, N.W.10.

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Father Urban with picture of Dominic Barberi, his candidate for sainthood. Part of his task is to prove that Dominic after death helped to work miracles

How a Catholic becomes a Saint

by DENNIS HOLMAN

The creation of a new saint is an awesome task. Father Urban Young has spent his life pleading the cause of one candidate, Dominic Barberi, whom English Catholics will honour next week when they celebrate the centenary of the Catholic restoration

ONE DAY IN NOVEMBER, 1936, all the entrances to the Roman Catholic Church of St. Anne's, Sutton, Lancashire, were shut and sealed from within. An unusual ceremony was then performed before selected members of the clergy and four doctors, including the local Medical Officer of Health and a representative of the Home Office: a tomb was opened, and the Archbishop of Liverpool presided on a throne while the bones of a skeleton were identified and re-interred, sealed within a zinc-lined coffin. The bones were those of an Italian priest, Father Dominic Barberi, who died in England a century ago. The exhumation, ordered by the Pope, was part of the Apostolic Process which may ultimately lead to Father Dominic being declared a saint.

Among those present was a tall, distinguished-looking priest in the black habit of a Passionist, whose job was to work for the ultimate canonization. Officially he was known as Vice-Postulator in England for the Cause of the Venerable Dominic Barberi. His name was Father Urban Young.

Father Urban Young, now in his seventies, is erect, forthright, charming, a scholar and a wit, with something of the Ulsterman in his accent, for his father was an Irish Protestant minister. He is to be found at St. Mary's Retreat, Birmingham, busy most days at his parish duties; he has a local reputation as a sympathetic confessor. But his fame stands as a hagiographer, as the author of two distinguished works on the subject of his life's dedication—Dominic Barberi.

Dominic died at Reading in 1849. His funeral

At Dominic Barberi's tomb a young Catholic offers a prayer pleading for his canonization

The Pope's procession at this year's canonization ceremony of Maria Goretti, "martyr of purity"

was attended by a great concourse of people, for it was believed that he was a holy man. "He must be in heaven," people said, but before he could be called a saint and venerated as such by Catholics he had first to be canonized.

Of all the people who had known Dominic, perhaps the most insistent that he should be canonized were, of course, the English Catholics, for Dominic, they felt, was their saint. The facts were that he had been obsessed with a desire to work for the conversion of England back to Catholicism, ever since God, he claimed, had revealed that this was to be his mission. Though he arrived here only towards the end of his life, what he accomplished in seven years seems incredible, even discounting his chronic bad health and seemingly impossible disabilities. His converts ran into thousands. Most famous of these was John Henry Newman, who later became a cardinal.

"Twinkle In His Eye"

A more unlikely character to have been picked by God or anybody else for the business of restoring England to Catholicism could not be imagined. Father Dominic was a scruffy little man with a squeaky voice and so short-sighted he could hardly recognize people two yards away. His clothes fitted nowhere; the trousers were too short and tight and his coat was invariably buttoned wrongly. "His gait was shuffling," one writer recalled. "His countenance appeared to be grieving, and he was often unshaven. The comical twinkle in his eye when he told a good story, and his grave demeanour when he spoke of Heaven, made him a compound of all that was humble and sublime in human nature."

According to Father Urban Young, Dominic was fifty before he learned any English, and for years his accent made him difficult to understand, though people usually got the gist of what he meant. To a nun he once said: "Without face you cannot be shaved." Short-sighted as he was, he once told a little girl who delivered the milk every morning: "My child, tell your mother to put a little more milk in the water next time."

Father Dominic's "Cause" for canonization has been afloat for about sixty years. To be declared a saint by the Pope is the greatest posthumous honour the Catholic Church can bestow. It is a judgment, believed to be final, irrevocable and infallible, that the soul of the person so declared now enjoys the vision of God in heaven. That judgment is the conclusion of a long process of careful investigation, undertaken, as Father Urban Young explains, by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, a sort of Papal subcommittee charged with conducting the Apostolic Process of Canonization and delegated with necessary powers.

Dominic's case was opened in 1889, when application was made to Rome and permission given for the Informative Process to be instituted. This is the first stage: the candidate acquires the title of Servant of God, his writings are closely scrutinized, and preliminary inquiries made in all the dioceses where he worked and lived. Newman himself testified as one of the first witnesses; he had always felt that "something ought to be done" about the man who had received him into the Church.

Father Dominic was born in 1792 at Palanzana, a village near Viterbo, into a peasant Italian family of moderate means. He was a devout boy, who entered the Passionist Order and was ordained a priest in March, 1818. An outstanding student, he was appointed professor of philosophy at the Passionist house in Vetralla, and later professor of theology at their main house in Rome. His revelation from God regarding the conversion of England is stated to have been given him early in his career as a priest, but he had to wait over twenty years before receiving his first English convert at Aston Hall, Staffordshire, on Good Friday, 1842. He died seven years later, after founding three Passionist houses in England and organizing the amazing total of 250 missions and retreats in various parishes all over the country.

Happenings Seemed Supernatural

That was the story, though some of the details were explained as miraculous by those who believed in miracles. Dominic's power, his contemporaries said, was that of knowing the need of souls and of giving spiritual consolation in a miraculous manner. Numbers of people had apparently experienced this, people who had come away reformed: one old man admitted that Father Dominic had reminded him of a sin he had concealed in confession for seventy years.

It was said that Dominic had on occasions predicted the future. He had stopped one young man on the road and told him to go to confession immediately as it would be too late the next day. Witnesses testified that the young man was killed in an accident not long after. There was a nun in the convent at Alatri who said she had wanted to write to Father Dominic on a matter of conscience, but was prevented from doing so by her superior. A few days later, she said, she received a letter from Father Dominic answering her question. Neither she nor the reverend mother could explain how this could possibly have happened by natural means, as Father Dominic did not know the nun, nor had he ever visited the convent.'

He had been called, miraculously it seemed, to sick persons in need of consolation. There was the Mother Abbess of the Poor Clare Convent at Anagni, who said she had once wished to consult him. A moment later, she testified, there followed a ring on the bell. She opened the door, and there stood Father Dominic. But on that very day, it was established later, Father Dominic was setting out for Belgium from another place in Italy.

This and more besides was minutely documented and sent to Rome for consideration. Rome considered; and then, never hurried in such matters, quietly filed the case. "What is God's will must ultimately be accomplished," Father Urban says, explaining the viewpoint of the Church. "What's a decade but a flick of a moment in eternity?"

For two decades the case gathered dust: it might still be among Vatican archives but for petitions for its reopening signed by the hierarchy in England, Scotland and Ireland and generals of the various religious orders. Rome assented, but not before she was satisfied that no local public act of veneration or anything savouring even remotely of a cult had occurred. Then Pope Pius X consented to the formal introduction of the Cause, and Father Dominic was given the title of Venerable by decree dated June 4, 1911. Rome had now made Dominic's Cause her own, and the Apostolic Process proper was begun: a Postulator was appointed in Rome, with vice-postulators under him in the countries where the Venerable had lived. Father Urban Young became Vice-Postulator for England.

Tracing The Witnesses

A world war interrupted their work, but it was resumed later, and in 1922 began the most important stage, the Continuative Process. Diocesan tribunals were set up to study every known fact relating to Dominic's life, and it was Father Urban's duty to trace witnesses, and arrange for their journeys to Birmingham, Westminster and Highgate, where the sessions were held.

Several witnesses were of the first order; they had actually met and known Dominic. There was an old nun who knew him when she was a girl; and a woman in her eighties who had been one of his penitents; and two prelates, Bishop Fenton, of the Westminster Diocese, and Archbishop Ilsley, of Birmingham. As a small boy Ilsley had thrown stones at Father Dominic walking through the town in his black Passionist garb. The priest had made friends with the boy and later taught him his catechism. Ilsley said in his testimony: "Father Dominic would pick up some of the stones people threw at him: he called them his jewels."

Interrogating a witness on oath is a long and involved business, with seventy routine questions alone relating mainly to the personal and spiritual life of the witness. Father Urban smiles, remembering the old Archbishop's quavering reply when he was asked: "Are you a practising Catholic?" The Church admits witnesses up to the third order, or people who had known people who had known people who had known Dominic in the flesh. The Birmingham Diocesan Tribunal was not finally closed until 1927, when the dossier was sealed in the presence of Archbishop McIntyre, and Father Urban Young was sent with it to Rome.

In Rome there followed the three sessions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, based on the accumulated evidence brought in by all the vice-postulators, when the Cardinal Postulator pleads

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Holding the King's Commission, Miss Melville is entitled to a salute from the R.P. on the gate

Juliet joins the Regulars

by RONALD W. CLARK

One of Britain's first Regular women officers, she wears a Hartnell skirt and a Thaarup hat. She has been trained in military leadership, Army forms—and domestic science

A LITTLE MORE THAN A YEAR AGO, a smiling, fair-haired schoolgirl asked a few pertinent questions at a stand in an exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, London. As a result, Juliet Melville—together with twenty-four other girls — has made history. She has become one of the first group of women especially trained for Regular commissions in the British Army. What had caught her eye was, of course, the recruiting message of the Womens' Royal Army Corps.

Since then, this slim, elfin-faced girl of nineteen has been through a special nine-month training course. Recently she left her Sidcup home in the trim green uniform of the Corps, changed a railway warrant at the local station and set out on a career which, she hopes, will take her all over the world.

"Father didn't like the idea at first," Juliet says. "He thought the Army was hardly a career for a woman." Without doubt, Mr. Melville, a consulting engineer who has handled important jobs all over the world, was not alone in his misgivings.

"When I was about to leave school last year I thought of teaching as a career," says Juliet. "Then I considered going into an office. What I really wanted was a job that would also give me a chance to travel. Joining the W.R.A.C. seemed to be the answer."

Juliet's fellow officers at Huron Camp, the W.R.A.C. School of Instruction in Hampshire, feel the same as she does about their new career. "There's a wider appeal in W.R.A.C. life," declares Jocelyn Wiles, a twenty-six year old former schoolteacher. Brown-eyed Evelyn Burt, who served in a signals unit in the Rhine Army during the war, puts it this way: "I just like Service life better."

At any rate, Juliet eventually succeeded in convincing her father that soldiering for women was a worthwhile career. "After that," she says, "things happened quickly. One Friday I went to the recruiting office in London. I had my medical the following Monday and a few days later I was interviewed at the Regular Commissions Board. I was accepted. A week after I'd seen that stand at the exhibition, I was in the Corps."

The Board, consisting of three male officers and two W.R.A.C. colonels, opened the course with a written intelligence test and continued with "twenty questions." There were discussions, a set-piece problem and an outdoor problem in which the candidates, divided into two teams, had to cross an imaginary river (green grass between two wooden banks) with a minimum of equipment. Each candidate had to hold a "committee meeting" on one aspect of the earlier set-piece problem. On the second day, each girl had to give a five-minute lecture on any subject she chose—"Switzerland," "Salvador Dali," "India," and "Photography" were chosen during a recent Board.

Surprise On The First Day

Juliet's next step after she had passed the Board—there is no quota and all candidates may pass or all may fail—was five weeks' preliminary training at Queen's Camp, Guildford. There she was indistinguishable from other recruits. Those who have passed through the Regular Commissions Board do the same drilling and training as the others.

Then, when the Army lorry turned into Huron Camp and the officer-cadets began their nine-month course under Colonel M. K. R. Colvin, the Camp Commandant, the real test began. "What surprised me on the first day," Juliet says, "was that I had my own room."

There are, in fact, many surprises awaiting any girl who believes that the W.R.A.C. training consists merely of Army matters. "We stress the non-military side of the work almost as much as the military," says Colonel Colvin, who was an A.T.S. officer before the war and helped to map out the course. "We bear in mind that these women will have to take their place in the world as well as in the Services." There are, accordingly, courses of instruction in domestic science, first aid, economics, cultural trends and mathematics, as well as those in morale, military leadership, Army forms and drill.

Juliet's training ended on August 9, when she paraded on the barrack square at Huron Camp for the passing-out ceremony. The Princess Royal, Controller-Commandant of the Corps, took the salute. At 23.59 hours that night Juliet was still Officer-Cadet Melville. At 00.01 hours on August 10 she was Second Lieutenant Melville, W.R.A.C., commissioned at £177 a year and available for posting to any W.R.A.C. unit throughout the world.

Now she is the complete, if still inexperienced, officer, entitled to wear the new bottle-green No. 1 dress—jacket and skirt designed by Hartnell—and a hat designed after the one which Princess Elizabeth wore at the Trooping of the Colour before her marriage. This hat was designed by Aage Thaarup, Princess Margaret's milliner. The new uniform will eventually be a free issue to all rankers.

Full Colonel: £889 A Year

During training, officer-cadets are paid four shillings a day. Then, from the day of commissioning, pay jumps to £177 a year. First lieutenants, captains and majors—the new W.R.A.C. ranks in place of the former subalterns, junior commanders and senior commanders—get £205, £314 and £479, respectively. The few who become half-colonels will be paid £647 and those who rise to full colonels £889.

Juliet will, in addition, get three free railway warrants a year and will be entitled to reduced fares when travelling on her thirty to forty-two days a year leave. In many units laundry, boot-repairing and uniform pressing are free or available at reduced prices. The War Office is, in fact, going to considerable trouble and expense in this attempt to build a permanent force of long-service women.

Whether or not it will succeed is still not certain. No matter how much the girls like Army life, no matter how many benefits they get, there is still one phrase that not even the War Office can eliminate from their conversation. It is: "Until I get married." THE END

RAIN-MAKER

by NIGEL SLIGH

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

The vision of the girl being burnt haunted him. It was barbaric, devilish—and he could stop it if he wanted. But the farm had to have that rain

OLD PIET VAN BREDA and his wife Renira sat on the *stoep* of their house and gasped for breath. The sun had gone down but from the underside of the iron roof, from the concrete floor and walls, heat radiated. The old farmer's skin hung in loose, untidy folds; creased, burnt brown like leather. His wife was gaunt and bony and a pair of pince-nez clung awkwardly to her long nose.

They spoke seldom, their Afrikaans clipped. "Hot again tomorrow and another day gone to the end of the rains," van Breda said.

He sucked at a short pipe, staring at the motionless metal sails of the two windmills above the wells. The whole landscape was burnt. It should have held blotches of green from the fresh pasture grass, from the lucerne fields and young mealies. But no rain had fallen. The wells were dry except for a foot of water; the floor of the dam was cracked mud.

In the morning, before the sun was up, Piet van Breda drank a cup of coffee and lit his pipe and walked slowly from the house. Already the sky was cloudless. He started up his car and drove over a cattle grid, the iron rods rattling beneath the wheels. A dirt track ran between two fields. On the right were rows of brown tassels, an inch or so high above the white, powdery soil. They should have been tall as van Breda's chest—young growing mealies.

The wheels of the car threw up dust as they leapt from corrugation to corrugation. On the parched ground were small areas of grass—brown, wispy straw—like poor tufts of hair on a bald scalp. A few cattle searched desperately for feed. Sheep stood listless, heads lowered.

He stopped the car and stared at the ruin of his farm. This, at the end of a life of toil, of savage struggle. There had been droughts before. Oh, yes, old van Breda sighed. Droughts, plenty of them, but never any like this one. This was a giant after pygmies. It stalked across the whole face of the land. Farms to right and left of van Breda; in the native reserves north of his holding. Everywhere men and cattle dying. Nothing left but dust.

Ahead of him was the native compound where his farmworkers lived—a circular enclosure, inside a thorn hedge, with thatched mushroom huts. He got out of the car and went into the compound. Natives sat about their cooking pots, stirring the mealie meal. Soon, there would be no food, for where could he find the money to buy other stocks when they were trucked into the drought-stricken territories?

AN old man stood up as van Breda approached him, and touched his forehead. "*Baas,*" he said, "we have sent for M'popo."

Van Breda looked at the old Zulu but said nothing. He knew who M'popo was—a witch-doctor from the native reserves, famous for his spells, his powers of creating and renewing life, of taking it away; his ability to bring rain out of the brazen sky.

Van Breda said nothing, for to have spoken would have been to condone deliberate disobedience. He was a God-fearing man—slow, old-fashioned. He and his wife read their Bible every night; said their prayers, down on their stiff knees by the side of the double bed; drove to the service twelve miles away when the pastor visited the isolated community. He had refused to have the witch-doctors on his land to tend either ailing native or dying beast. He feared them for their powers, their knowledge and heathen guile, their rivalry to the one single God of the universe.

They had prayed for rain—old farmers and their wives, young people, merchants who depended on agriculture, storekeepers—at a special service; kneeling in the dust in the open in the small *dorp*. But no rain had fallen.

Among the natives, there had been mutterings at first and then open demands for a rain-maker. Van Breda had heard them weeks and months ago. At first he had disregarded them and then he had told the natives to be patient; that the rains were late but would come in due course, as they always came.

But now the mutterings and questionings had swollen into open defiance. It was time to call in M'popo, the greatest, most powerful of the witch-doctors. So strong, however, was the respect, the tradition of obedience towards van Breda, that his chief boy spoke only in a whisper; his eyes on the ground.

VAN BREDA turned on his heel. He was at the end of his strength and the natives knew it as well as he did himself. Nothing remained to him now but gradual extinction. The farm would be deserted and he and his wife driven penniless from it.

Nothing remained but M'popo's magic powers. He would come and fix his fee. There would be a great gathering and discussion. Then, in due course, M'popo would make a pronouncement. He would declare what sacrifice was necessary, how it must be offered and when the rain would come.

For Christian, God-fearing man that he was, van Breda had been born in Africa, never been away from it; scarcely moved fifty miles from the farm that had been his father's and his grandfather's and his great-grandfather's before him; and he knew the strength of this heathen magic. There would be rain, but at a cost.

The sacrifice would not be a goat or a sheep or even a fine store beast. It would be a human being—a boy or a young girl, a virgin.

Such sacrifices were against the law. The perpetrators of them, if traced and tried, could be condemned to death. If it was proved that van Breda had been privy to it, the penalties were severe. It was his duty, as a Christian and a landowner, a member of the community, to report to the police. All this the old man knew and he turned the facts over in his mind as he drove slowly homeward, delaying the moment when he must face his wife. She was waiting for him, the breakfast laid at the shady end of the *stoep*.

"You have been gone a long time, Piet," she said.

He told her that he had been to see about the sheep being moved. They stood while he said grace before the meal.

Once, as they ate, van Breda felt his wife's eyes on him and he stared at the food on his plate, wondering whether she could see into his heart. So driven in upon themselves were they by the loneliness of their life, childless to their sorrow, that each knew the other's every look, intonation, secret thought.

They were essentially elemental, simple. They neither moved nor thought quickly. There was little or no subtlety in them. No guile, no treachery. They said what they had to say, straightforwardly, like unbidden thoughts. It was the first lie that the old farmer had ever told his wife.

Next evening the Zulu head boy came to the house and asked to speak to the *Baas*. Van Breda went outside, away from the *stoep* so that his wife could not overhear what they said. They stood in shadow beneath a gum tree. Van Breda spoke in the Zulu dialect, asking the boy what he wanted.

"M'popo wants much money," the old Zulu said. "More than any of us have. He has studied the omens and there will be no rain for twenty more days. And then, when the time has come, there will be huge floods, so great is his magic."

Van Breda stood in silence.

"*Baas,*" the Zulu said after a long interval, "my people need the rain and they would pay to have M'popo make it come, but they have not the money. *Your* farm also needs the rain, as much as my people's land. And *you* have the money M'popo demands."

Still van Breda stood in silence. He thought of his wife's glances at him, the falsehoods, the services which they had attended; the nightly prayers in their room. In his simplicity there was no doubt that rain would fall after M'popo made his incantations. But was any man's farm, was the land itself, worth the perpetration of such evilness?

Then he remembered his father, his struggles, sacrifices. Before him, when the land was not pacified, his ancestors fighting and working. And now it fell to him to make, in turn, his sacrifice—an abandonment of his own scruples, an infringement of the law, a betrayal of the faith between his wife and himself. Patiently, knowing that something inevitable was about to happen, the old Zulu waited. Van Breda forced out the words.

"What does M'popo want?"

"He wants the money to buy eight fine cattle."

"I will give him the equivalent of four. Your people must find the rest."

The native bowed his head.

SO, characteristically, van Breda bartered his faith. As carefully, as shrewdly, as he would buy a beast or sell a crop, knowing the exact worth, the limit of his opponent. He spoke once again. "And what else does M'popo want?"

"The girl Ungali. She is to be kept in a hut set aside," the Zulu said in a quiet voice. "Her skin must be rubbed with oil so that it will shine like a sleek cow and no man must go near her. Food must be left outside the door of her hut and only one old woman shall attend her. She must stay in this fashion for nineteen days, and on the twentieth M'popo will offer her up and the rains will fall within an hour."

Van Breda could not sleep that night. The

The girl was tied to a tree. In the eerie light, her skin shone. It was almost time now

room, even with the windows flung wide, was an oven. The feather mattress was like a layer of swaddling clothes. The words of the Zulu came back to him.

Ungali was a girl of thirteen, the daughter of a cowherd. Her skin was lighter in colour than most of the native women. Van Breda saw her as he had once seen her, carrying water from a well, a large can balanced on her head; the glint of her teeth, the feet white with dust. . . .

The days passed. Days of terrible, continuing heat. Van Breda avoided his wife, avoided meeting her eyes. Only at night, as they knelt in prayer, were they together. He said, as was their custom, the Lord's Prayer aloud, but no other words would come to him as he knelt in supplication. On the nineteenth day, he drove slowly past the compound. Stolid, unimaginative as he was, there was a sense of brooding, a silence over the place, apparent even to him.

The day of the sacrifice was a day of colossal heat. Towards noon, however, great ridges of storm cloud began to surge upward from the horizon, piling up and up until they were a gigantic mountain range, extinguishing the sun. All breeze died. The leaves of the gum trees hung prostrate. It was necessary to gulp at the air, so closely did it cling. The least exertion produced a violent sweating.

As the impending storm approached, van

Breda said: "I shall go out for some time."

"But there will be lightning and terrible rain, Piet. Stay in the house."

"Unless I go, I shall suffocate."

Again, his eyes dropped before his wife's gaze. He went from the house, quickly for him. As he reached the car, a sudden wind made the gum trees flutter and banged against his legs. Then, all at once, it rose and howled so that everything was strained and bowed and the sails of the mills began to revolve, faster and faster, until the blades were invisible.

Guided only by intuition, by a dreadful fear and expectancy, he went towards the dry ground by a *donga* which, in the rainy season, was transformed into a torrent.

He stopped the car and got out. On foot, one hand clasping his hat to his head, he leant against the wind and was blown back. He closed his eyes, trying not to breathe, for the dust was like red-hot needles, flaying the exposed skin of his face and arms.

Slowly, painfully, he made his way forward. Then, as though at a word of command, the wind vanished. Dust, twigs, leaves that a moment before had hurtled past him, fell straight down upon his head. Curtains of dust that had obscured his sight were drawn aside. The roar of the howling, demented wind ceased, and in the new-found stillness and clarity of vision was a sight that froze the blood in van Breda's veins.

Beneath a tree, tied to it, was the girl Ungali. Heaped about the trunk, reaching to her waist, was brushwood. In the eerie light, the skin of her naked breasts shone. Her face was beautiful. At a little distance from the tree, squatting on their haunches, was a circle of natives. An old man, hideously disfigured with charms and paint, stood within the ring.

Suddenly there was a sound from the circle of watching natives, an accentuated "Ah—Ah," the voices rising to form a middle syllable in the long-drawn-out exclamation.

M'popo flung a burning stick into the brushwood. The wood, tinder dry, caught light with explosive force and the flames burnt even the leaves above the girl's head. In that instant before she was blotted from his sight, a circle of fire was about her.

PIET VAN BREDA turned and stumbled towards the car. When he reached the house and got out of the car, his legs dragged and he moved like a man bemused with sleep. His wife was standing on the *stoep*.

As he climbed the steps a violent streak of lightning almost blinded him and he ducked his head and the roar and crash of thunder rocked the house. Instinctively he thrust out his hand and his wife caught it. Slowly, with reluctance, he raised his head and stared at her.

It was as though the lenses of her glasses were mirrors and he could see his face with an expression of terror upon it. Then another flash of lightning, followed almost simultaneously by ear-splitting thunder, made Renira van Breda blink and the reflection in the glasses of himself was lost and instead was the picture of the brushwood about the tree and the branches bursting into flame and the girl's head falling forward.

In that instant, van Breda saw that his wife knew and she nodded her head. He saw no reproach in her face and he realized that they were conspirators and that his guilt was shared.

She opened her mouth to speak but suddenly the iron roof above their heads was struck and the rain beat down upon it with the violence of hail. In a moment all colour was drained from the sky and earth as the rain fell in walls of water and the sound of it crashing upon the ground and house was so deafening that it drowned his wife's words.

He fell on his knees and began to pray, but through the fingers before his face, through the closed eyelids themselves, he could see only the blazing tree. THE END

Conductor "Monty" Wood has spent his life on trams. He'll be glad to change over to buses

"I expect I shall miss the old rattler," says Wood, seen (right) leaving the Clapham depot

All trams stop here

by ELKAN ALLAN

In London it seems that they have had their day. They may rattle and sway and wheeze a bit—but there'll be many a sigh when they're gone

DURING THE NIGHT OF September 30 a long and melancholy procession will trundle across South London from Clapham to Charlton. Clanging, swaying, occasionally wheezing a little, the trams from routes numbers 12, 26, 28, 31 and 34 will be making their last journey. Within a couple of years, most of the 800 London tramcars will have followed their leaders into the "tramatorium"; their lines will have been taken up behind them. London's trams will be no more.

Some of the retired cars will be sold to outside purchasers—Leeds is taking ninety-six of the more "modern" (only eighteen years old) for £500 each—and a few may finish up on allotments and as stationary caravans. Car Number 1 will go into London Transport's Museum. But most will be stripped, broken up and burnt. A thousand buses will replace them.

Whatever advantages there may be in the change—and London Transport is satisfied there is an overwhelming case for it—only the most unsentimental person, watching that stately procession, will not have a lump in his throat.

A Tram Has A "Personality"

The men who have worked on trams all their lives will be among the sorriest—and happiest—to see them go. "It's forty-two years since I first called out 'Fares, please,'" says a plump, double-chinned conductor, "Monty" Wood. "I tell you, it's hard and responsible work shepherding passengers on and off at every stop. I'll be glad when we transfer to the buses and can go safely up to the kerb to pick people up and put them off. Still, I expect I'll miss the old rattler—a tram seems to have a personality all its own. I've learnt a lot about human nature on this job. We can spot those passengers who are going to try to diddle the conductor almost at a glance."

Before the war the most popular tram passenger was the wine and spirits traveller who regularly gave away quarter-bottles of whisky and gin; not so popular was the South London butcher who caught several conductors by offering them a leg of lamb on the top deck for a shilling, saying he would leave it downstairs for them: when they opened it they found it was just a bundle of fats. And there is always the drunk whose friends subscribe a shilling for the conductor to put him off at a street corner.

"Sometimes they don't go so easily," says Monty. "Once I had a really tough navvy upstairs. I tried to get him off the car, but he hooked his feet round the rail and I couldn't move him. My driver stopped the tram and came round to help me. Just then I saw Bombardier Billy Wells, the boxing champion, walking along the street. 'Give us a hand, Billy,' I called out, and he came and unhooked the bloke's legs. Just recently I had a drunk

Two of the biggest arguments against the trams: the risks that passengers have to run to get on or off—and the delay they cause to other traffic

who was a bit more peaceful. I stuck him up against a lamp-post and said, 'You wait here for me.' When we came by two hours later, he was still there."

Monty Wood's regular driver, chirpy, bushy-eyebrowed George Clifford ("Cliff"), is even more pleased than Monty at the switch to buses. "I'll be able to sit down at last!" he says, sighing in anticipation of comfort. Like every other tram-driver who so wishes, he has undergone a fort-night's intensive instruction at Chiswick Training School on the mechanics and driving of oil buses. For the first time Cliff has learnt to drive a vehicle which is not fixed in its course. "How to steer was the hardest thing to learn, and the feeling that I could dodge about a bit in the roadway was very strange at first, he says. His wife Bet is also pleased at his new job.

Before he became a tram-driver, fifty-year-old Cliff worked on the permanent way, laying and repairing tracks. "When I came out of the Army after the first World War tram-driving was a coveted job, and I had to wait ten years before they could take me," he explains.

In that time he had daily tussles with live wires. "Once a cat got down the centre conduit and, wearing a rubber glove, I had to put my hand down and feel along the live 600-volt rail for it. I had almost grabbed it when it jumped on my arm. If it had landed, and touched me and the rail at the same time, I should have been a goner, so I drew back quickly. Then I managed to get hold of its tail, swing it up and throw it on the road. It got up and walked into Greenwich Church as if it was drunk."

Warned Inspector Of Speed Trap

Trams have to obey the 30-m.p.h. speed limit like any other vehicle, and drivers have been fined for speeding. One driver used to put his head out of his cab and warn motorists that they were coming into a speed trap—until one day he told a military-looking man to look out, and found he was speaking to a Scotland Yard official. When the trams now scheduled for the scrapheap came into service in 1905, a driver was fined £1 for exceeding 10 m.p.h. in Green-wich Road.

It was the police and Parliament who objected when a young American, George Francis Train, introduced tramways into England in 1860. They argued that the rails, which stuck up half an inch, were dangerous. The tramway had to be removed. However, progress—and the fact that rails gave a much smoother ride than the bumpy roads of those days—could not be denied, and, after the passing of the Tramways Act, 1870, horses pulling carriages along lines were to be seen all over London and the pro-vinces. Carters discovered that the lines made their horses' job easier, too, and showed no com-punction about slowing down the trams while they leisurely proceeded along the tracks. When a West Ham carter left his horse-van unattended for fifty minutes, thus disorganizing the tram service, the bench refused to convict him of obstruction on the ground that the tramway department should have diverted the trams.

Private Tram For The Bride

Steam trams were introduced in 1879 in Leeds, but it was not until the electric car made its bow in 1901 that they really boomed. The Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) opened the new line from the Embankment to Tooting by taking the first ride.

Trams were then the fastest and smoothest vehicles on the road, and it was a common custom to hire one for your wedding instead of a carriage. The driver and conductor were pro-vided with white gloves and buttonholes for the occasion, and in June, 1906, at Wolverhampton, fog-signals were exploded in salutation to a happy couple. The manager of the Great Yar-mouth tramways advised the extension of trams to Caister because the cemetery was there and they were considered highly suitable for funerals.

The coming of the pneumatic tyre and mass production of petrol-driven vehicles soon made local councils prefer buses to trams, and by the outbreak of the second World War a Royal Commission on Transport had recommended that trams "should gradually disappear and give place to other forms of transport." Man-chester and London announced their intention of putting this death-warrent into effect. Cardiff, Sunderland, Bolton and Plymouth, among other towns, have already run their last trams. London was going to use trolleybuses instead, but decided last year that they were not as practical as oil buses.

Blackpool and Glasgow, on the other hand, are buying *new* trams at £6,000 each. In New Orleans the streetcar named Desire still runs (although the name of its destination, a district named Desire, has been removed from the front since the title of the play brought unwelcome publicity). And Melbourne, Australia, is actually scrapping its bus system and turning to trams.

"Of course they are!" says J. W. Fowler, founder of the Light Railway Transport League, whose 3,000 members are pledged to fight the London Transport Executive's decision to scrap London's trams. "Modern trams are cheaper to run, longer-lived, faster accelerating, less ob-structive on wide streets, easier to control, superior for subway operation, safer, more reliable in all weathers, have a bigger capacity for both passengers and luggage, are longer, reverse more easily, are more comfortable, more beneficial to ratepayers, healthier, quieter, and less vibrating than buses. And they use home-produced power instead of imported fuel."

Fowler, a fifty-four year old, mild-mannered master printer who lives in the tramless North West London suburb of Cricklewood, has de-voted his life to trams. Uninterested in museum-pieces, he looks to the future, which he believes would be far better serviced by tramcars than buses. "If Londoners could only see Blackpool's latest, smooth-running tram they would never permit the waste of money which is about to be embarked upon," he says, grey eyes flashing behind his rimless spectacles. "Blackpool's new tram is so silent that when the B.B.C. went to record its noise the engineer asked 'When is it coming?' only to be told it had already gone."

Fowler's ultimate plan is for a fenced-in tram-way system, going underground at busy spots, with much longer distances between stops than at present; this would make a sort of lesser rail-way system, with two-car trains when crowds were large. However, the League would tem-porarily settle for the main tramways in London being retained as they are, with new cars and loading islands for passengers to wait safely.

Such a reprieve is most unlikely, and driver Clifford's and conductor Wood's trolley will clang, clang, clang to a stop for the last time on September 30. "All out; end of the line!" Monty will call, the passengers will climb down and London's trams will rattle slowly off into the past. THE END

THE GREAT CONVOLVULUS DERBY

by ***WILL SCOTT***

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

The village took to Mr. Potter's idea; so did the county; so did all Britain. That was the trouble . . .

It was a disturbance of the peace, all right. The policeman decided to tackle Mr. Potter

THE FIRST TIME Mr. Potter set eyes on Catmint Green he got off his bicycle and thought: This is the place for me when I retire. It made him think of an old-fashioned Christmas card that had thawed out. The sunshine had come and chased the snow and the robins away and left the green and the Norman church and the little black and white Tythe Cottage and the Olde Plantagenette Inne (founded 1490).

The people were so amiable, they made him want to stand in the middle of the green and throw money away. The young ones smiled. The small ones waved. The old ones wished him a pleasant day. The postman touched his cap. Mr. Musk, sweeping old leaves from inside the lych gate at the church, wanted to know if there was anything he could do for him.

"It beats anything I've ever seen," Mr. Potter told himself. And when the office had finished with him he bought Tythe Cottage and settled there. The village took to him right away. It was Mr. Potter this and Mr. Potter that, all day long. He used to give the kids pennies and open gates for the women when their arms were full of parcels. He might have been a native, the way he mixed.

He was a genteel little man. So that when having half a pint at the Olde Plantagenette Inne (founded 1490) became a habit with him, it was a very genteel habit. Half-past eleven every morning, and, when the weather was fine, in the garden at the back of the inn.

It was in this garden that Mr. Potter got the one and only really big idea that he ever got in all his life.

The Plantagenette garden was nearly all lawn, with little wooden arbours round the sides. At the far end was a high brick wall with the tops of somebody's plum trees above it, and in front of the wall were three slim iron posts, seventeen or eighteen feet high. Once, Mr. Potter was told, the lawn had been a tennis court. But that was a long time ago. The netting was almost a memory now and the poles were brown with rust.

MR. POTTER was sitting in the garden one fine morning just after he'd retired, talking weather with the landlord, when he noticed something green clinging to the rusty poles. He pointed with his tankard.

"Dratted convolvulusses!" said the landlord. "You pulls 'em up and you pulls 'em up, but back they come, year after year. By the end of summer they'll be nigh the top o' them poles."

That surprised Mr. Potter. "The better part of twenty feet high, do you mean?"

"Convolvulusses," said the landlord, "is little beggars. As good as rockets. We have some proper laughs."

That was when Mr. Potter got his lonely idea. His nose was in his tankard and he had one eye focused over the rim at the three poles. Suddenly he burst out: "The Convolvulus Derby!"

"Pardon, sir?" said the landlord.

"This house," said Mr. Potter, "would be famous for miles. You could make *pounds*. . . . A sort of *sweep*," Mr. Potter explained, "on which convolvulus got to the top of its pole first. A shilling a ticket. You could have some wonderful sport."

To his surprise the landlord shook his head.

"Vicar would be dead against anything such, sir," he said. "We don't all go to his church, but we don't believe in hurtin' people's feelin's in these parts. Good sort, old vicar. We all likes him."

Mr. Potter stared.

"*Gambling*, you see, sir," said the landlord. "I know what you mean, sir, but it would never work. Not here it wouldn't, anyway, sir."

Mr. Potter changed the subject. He got back to the perfect weather. Then he got further back to the perfect place and the perfect people.

"Well, of course, sir," said the landlord, "we

Continued on page 32

Adenauer leads the Germans backwards

by MERVYN JONES

The old man in the white palace at Bonn knows which way he wants his country to turn. Others make plans for the future. He offers the past

Adenauer in his Rhineland garden. He never argues, never shouts. He just gets his own way

ONE DAY in October, 1945, a not very senior British officer in Military Government (Germany) decided that Cologne needed a new mayor. The present mayor had been installed by the Americans before the zonal borders had been sorted out. He had been mayor before Hitler's days, and undeniably had experience. But that did not fit him to cope with a chaotic city of ruin, rubble, and refugees. He was sixty-nine years old; his political ideas were set in a pre-1914 mould; he obviously regarded the Allies as interlopers and not as teachers. The officer pencilled across his report: "Failure to display sufficient energy and initiative," and the mayor went.

That looked like the end of a career. Instead, it was the start of a new one. For the mayor was Dr. Konrad Adenauer, and he is now Chancellor (our term would be Prime Minister) of the Federal German Republic.

There are certainly moments when the Allied High Commissioners wish they could dismiss Adenauer from his new job. He himself has no illusions on the subject. In 1945 a British magazine photographed the Mayor of Cologne, and the next day the mayor was dismissed. In 1950 the same magazine sent a man to take pictures of the Chancellor. Adenauer greeted him ironically: "So you've come to get rid of me again."

He Loves To Have His Own Way

The High Commissioners find Adenauer a difficult and sometimes infuriating man to deal with. He has an old man's arrogance; he is completely unaffected by what other people think of him or his actions; he hates explaining himself; and he loves to have his own way. Yet it would be difficult to discover any other German politician with half his administrative ability or a tenth of his dignity; above all, no other figure represents so obviously that order and stability which Germans desperately need today.

Adenauer's biggest asset, like that of most old men in public life, is his lack of ambition. True, he loves power—and uses it. But he did not struggle to achieve it. Everyone knows that, had he been left alone in 1945, he would today be sitting in Cologne's bomb-battered town hall and not in the ornate white palace at Bonn that is West Germany's Downing Street.

Germans see in Adenauer a new kind of national leader—a man with power but without bluster. After the last Kaiser's bristling moustaches and Hitler's unruly locks, after the stage tricks of both, the quiet old man with his neatly brushed thinning hair, his tightly set lips, his level tones and absence of gesture, is a relief. Nobody has ever seen Adenauer lose his temper, though plenty of people have withered under his cutting sarcasms. That sort of thing inspires confidence—and Adenauer knows it. In his own way, he is as much of an actor as Hitler.

Adenauer never demands, never argues, never shouts down his opponents, never stresses his own importance. But he gets his way just the same. If people oppose him, he assumes that they are too stupid to understand his aims, and goes ahead anyway. He has two maxims which stand him in good stead. One is, "It's more important to do a thing than to look as if you've done it." The other is, "If you can't do a thing in one way, do it in another." He has no objections to tacking and turning, but keeps his objective well in view all the time.

To common sense and quiet determination, Adenauer adds a third chacteristic—a love of stability and distrust of change. When he was born in 1876 into a staid middle-class family, hailing from the country town of Adenau but firmly settled in Cologne, the world looked very different from the messy place it is now. It was a world of fixed and apparently eternal order. The three pillars of this world, from young Konrad's angle, were Papa, teacher and the priest (Cologne is a Catholic city); each taught unquestioned truths about a social system in which everyone had a place and there was a place for everyone. Above the priest there was the cardinal and above the cardinal the Pope. Above the teacher stood the mayor and council, and above them the Emperor. Above Pope and Emperor was a strict but obviously approving God. So it was, and so it always would be.

Cologne had close links with France and England; the former was the source of all that was good in art and culture, the latter a model in trade and business. But the old city on the Rhine, with its wealthy banking houses and its flourishing trade by ship and barge, had no need to envy foreigners. Decent citizens like the Adenauers attended to their business and knew that their children and grandchildren would nestle in the same slice of the social layer-cake. As for the poor, you did not give them high wages or let them get out of hand, but you supported Bismarck's wise plans for pensions and insurance and you took pride in every new school or hospital added to the thriving city.

This was the world which Adenauer accepted without question, not only as a youth but until

he was forty, and which, it is safe to say, still represents his social ideal.

Adenauer went to the university and took his doctorate in law; you were nobody then unless you could put "Dr." in front of your name. He entered the city administration and soon gained attention by his unusual ability. It seemed as certain as the stars in their courses that, some time in his fifties or sixties, he would reach the dignified summit of his ambitions and become mayor. An Adenauer Bridge or an Adenauer Hospital would mark his place in Cologne history.

But his chance came sooner than that. The year 1917 was a grim one in Cologne. The war had lasted three years, and victory was not in sight. The mayor was due to retire, and the councillors agreed that his successor must be the ablest and most vigorous man available. They offered Adenauer the job.

He Refused To Be Prime Minister

Adenauer's worst enemies admit that he was a great mayor. He ruled a city shaken by defeat, pell-mell demobilization, and unemployment; occupied for ten years by British troops; hit by inflation and slump; torn by street-fighting between Nazis and their opponents. But, under his sway, finances were stabilized, fine schools and hospitals were built, blocks of cheap flats went up, the all-important river docks were modernized. He even built, from Cologne to Bonn, the first *autobahn*—those wide, fast motor roads which Hitler later claimed to have invented. He became known as Germany's leading mayor, and won a reputation like that enjoyed by Joseph Chamberlain when Lord Mayor of Birmingham. Finally, President Hindenburg invited him to be Prime Minister. The year was 1929; his term as mayor had expired, and the council was pressing him to begin a new one. Adenauer did not take long to choose. Prime Ministers were changing yearly in the uneasy political climate; being Mayor of Cologne was a steady job.

But he served only four years of his second term. In 1933, Hitler came to power. Adenauer, though above politics as mayor, belonged to the Centre Party, a Catholic body which Nazism was determined to crush. By decree from Berlin, he was removed. The Nazis did not arrest him, but they took a step which wounded him as no other could have done. He was forbidden to live in his beloved Cologne. He took refuge in his devout Catholic faith. For a year he lived in retreat in a monastery. Then he built himself the house where he lives now, in the pleasant riverside village of Rheundorf.

In 1944 he was at last arrested, after the bomb plot against Hitler. Audenauer's friends deny in shocked tones that he had anything to do with the plot; it would not befit this staid character to engage in conspiracies, even against Hitler. The Nazis must have reached the same conclusion, for they soon released him.

Story Of The Angry Colonel

Next year the wheel came full circle; Adenauer was again mayor and again dismissed, this time by the British. Whether there was any special incident behind this cannot be discovered. A persistent German story says that he angered a British colonel who entered his office by remaining seated and continuing to write, with a mere "Sit down, please," for greeting. It would be in character, but that does not make it the reason for his dismissal. Others say that Adenauer showed his sympathies with France, who then disagreed radically with her allies about the proper way to run Germany. It is true that Adenauer, like most Rhinelanders, is pro-French; he and French Foreign Minister Schuman, a Lorrainer born not a hundred miles from Cologne, are now firm friends. British circles repeat that the mayor was too routine-minded to deal with the chaos of 1945.

At all events, Adenauer had not left his desk a fortnight when he was being warmly cheered at a rally of the Christian Democratic Union. This party—heir to the old Centre Party—was being formed to appeal to the conservative middle classes. It started with two great assets. Its ideology, harking back to the paternal capitalism of Adenauer's youth, appealed to the Americans; and it had the backing of the Church.

To such a party Adenauer was a godsend. He was the embodiment of stability. His record was that of a fine administrator standing above the political dog-fight. Though he had not fought the Nazis, he had never co-operated with them; too many C.D.U. members had had good jobs under Hitler. His second wife's relatives had emigrated to America and had links with the Morgan family and, incidentally, with the present U.S. High Commissioner. And he was a devout son of the Church.

So it was Adenauer who led the C.D.U. to its two successes—the framing of a constitution for West Germany along decentralized lines, and victory in the 1949 election—and who then became first head of Europe's youngest government.

When Germans talk about Adenauer, they hand him few bouquets. Some call him cold and

Adenauer's villa, the home from which he rules Germany. He built it as a refuge from the Nazis

inhuman; Karl Arnold, leader of the C.D.U.'s rebellious left wing, dubbed him "a man without a soul." Others call him "The Old Fox" and describe him as wily and evasive. A story told by his private secretary helps us to judge which reputation is truer to life. A widely read article had ascribed to the Chancellor "a face of stone." Shortly afterwards, he had to hold a Press conference at which he would be asked about secret diplomatic negotiations. Before leaving his office, he remarked, "I had better put on my face of stone." At another Press conference, wishing to slip out some information without being directly quoted, Adenauer began, "Gentlemen, I rely on your indiscretion."

Adenauer despises popularity. He does not seek it, and he has certainly not got it. No politician could be less glamorous. He is a good speaker in a distant, lecture-room style, but no orator. His closest intimates say that he has a strong sense of humour; others call it a caustic wit. Members of his personal staff say they regard him with affection; he looks after their health and family affairs in a warmly human way. People a little lower down the ladder—those who see him weekly but not daily—find this incredible; you can feel respect for Adenauer, they say, even admiration, but not affection. Evidently he unbends only in a very limited circle. Outside his private office and his village home, the stone face is put on.

Adenauer lives at Rheundorf with his daughter Lotte and his youngest son Georg, who is only eighteen. He has had seven children by his two wives (the second of whom died in 1948) and now has a crop of grandchildren. He sleeps five hours a night with the aid of tablets and rises early to work. After the twelve-mile drive to Bonn, he starts work again at ten in a tasteful green and cherry-wood room in the Schaumburg Palace. Except for a short nap in the afternoon, he works till eight or nine in the evening—a schedule which has lately affected his health.

The Chancellor's day is divided between his office and the nearby Parliament. Arrangements in this brand-new building are very different from those at Westminster. Adenauer sits with his Ministers in a large box high above the ordinary members. When he speaks, he comes a little lower to the rostrum and uses a resounding microphone. The possibilities of debate are limited, but everyone can see who is the boss.

Takes No Notice Of His Cabinet

Adenauer is a Chancellor who really rules. He listens politely to the views of his Cabinet, but is never influenced by them. He is said to regard only two Ministers—Dr. Schaeffer and Dr. Erhard—as possessing intelligence in the same class as his own, and he is probably right. Once, when he was asked whether the Cabinet would approve a certain measure, he replied crisply, "I am seventy per cent of the Cabinet." When Parliament was discussing the trade unions' demand for *Mitbestimmung* (participation in management decisions), a member raised a laugh by proposing *Mitbestimmung* for Ministers.

Adenauer's policy is fluid because he represents no fixed force in German society. He has been called the tool of the capitalists—understandably, since his Cabinet is overloaded with business men and one of his closest friends and advisers is Dr. Pferdminges, a big Cologne banker and steel man; but this is an over-simplification. A profound believer in free enterprise, he was still too prudent to allow Dr. Erhard, Minister of Economics, to give the big industrialists unlimited power. Again, the Social-Democratic leader, Dr. Schumacher, once called him a stooge of the Allies; but the High Commissioners would smile ruefully at this description.

The one lasting influence on Adenauer is the Catholic Church, and especially his spiritual counsellor, Cardinal Frings. A curious fact is that Adenauer's Catholicism does not prevent him from sympathizing with Dr. Buchman's Moral Rearmament movement. He has visited the Buchmanite centre at Caux, in Switzerland, where the suggestions on which the Schuman Plan was based are said to have been made. Adenauer is often regarded as part author of the Plan.

He has said that he wants to be both a good German and a good European. Firmly anti-Communist, he will never compromise with the "Democratic Republic" of the Soviet Zone. Many think that, in any case, he is in no hurry to reunite Germany. Rhinelanders do not regret the absence of East Germany, and Berlin, as a capital, is inconveniently far from Rheundorf.

Germans Like Age At The Helm

If Adenauer were to tell frankly what he believes in (which is unlikely), the word "democracy" would not come up very often. The people, he would say, should be looked after by those qualified by birth and education to do it. He would frown on nationalism, for he sincerely wants to end the ancient feud with France; but the Frenchmen he wants to be friends with are people like himself. He would class Socialism and Fascism as delusions from which the people must be protected. He would be sardonic about war and militarism, which interfere with normal life and trade, but favour a strong police force. "Adenauer," said a leading Social-Democrat, "isn't a militarist, he's a gendarmist"—which casts some light on current events.

The old man in the white palace at Bonn offers Germany nothing new. But that is just his strength. Many false prophets have promised the Germans a glowing future and led them to disaster. Adenauer offers them the past. It may not have been without blemishes at the time, but in the light of recent horrors it looks idyllic. Until they are sold on anything new, very many West Germans will be content with age at the helm.

THE END

Barbara Hepworth can chip away at a block of stone all day. "It's a matter of rhythm," she says

Festival sculptress

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

Art and elbow grease combine to make her Britain's most famous sculptress. But critics still get angry over her work and even some admirers ask what it means

BARBARA HEPWORTH, A SLENDER WOMAN of forty-seven, who wears her long brown hair parted Duchess of Windsor fashion, is England's foremost sculptress and one of the few women who, literally, have carved their way to international fame. She is now chipping away at ten and a half tons of blue limestone for the Festival of Britain site, dreaming up designs for the Old Vic Theatre, badgering St. Ives council with ideas for civic improvements, and at the same time functioning capably as the wife of abstract painter Ben Nicholson and the mother of talented, fifteen-year-old triplets.

When the triplets, Rachel, Sarah and Simon, are mentioned Miss Hepworth discards all the shyness that usually marks her conversation. The same thing happens whenever she discusses chisels, hammers and other tools of her trade.

One evening this summer Miss Hepworth was walking down a street in Venice. Suddenly, she stopped. A few minutes later, strolling Italians were startled by the sight of this striking visitor, in full evening dress, her nose literally pressed against the window pane of an ironmonger's shop. "It was such a wonderful display," says the sculptress with the eager look in her brown eyes that housewives usually reserve for costly perfumes and rare silks. Where war and export drives deprive others of cars and similar luxuries, they keep her from obtaining all the knives, hammers, files and chisels she needs. Rationed to six at a purchase whenever they are available, she is currently wearing out the finest obtainable steel files at the rate of three a week.

The fact that the ironmongers there are well stocked was not, however, the reason for Miss Hepworth's Italian tour. She went to Venice for the Bienale, one of the world's most important art festivals, where each country has a pavilion to show off its cultural treasures. This year, Britain was represented at the Bienale by John Constable, the early nineteenth-century painter; Matthew Smith, a contemporary artist; and sculptress Barbara Hepworth. Constable was chosen by the Italians; Miss Hepworth was nominated by the British Council as an outstanding example of a living British artist.

If the public took the same interest in the choice of England's art team as it does in picking international football or cricket sides, Miss Hepworth would probably be one of the nation's most controversial figures. Even now, opinion about her work is divided between collectors who willingly pay up to £1,000 for one of her six-foot figures and others whose views were summed up in a headline reading: *Puzzling Sculpture by Yorkshire Girl.*

Visitors Ask: "What Is It?"

Miss Hepworth *is* a Yorkshire girl—she comes from Wakefield in the West Riding—and her sculpture is puzzling in that she now devotes herself to abstract forms. These frequently shock people who expect artists to produce only recognizable images. "What is it?" is the first question visitors ask when confronted by a Hepworth work called "Standing Figure," a five-and-a-half foot shaft of Cornish elm with sweeping planes and broad indentations, pierced by oval holes. "Visitors frequently get angry at Miss Hepworth's work," says an attendant at the Penwith Gallery in St. Ives.

"I used to list my pieces as just 'Composition 1949' or whatever the year happened to be," Miss Hepworth says. "But I found myself getting mixed up. Now I give them names." Miss Hepworth's names can be equally confusing for anyone not equipped with a two-volume dictionary. She leans heavily on such words as "bicentric," "biolith" and "dyad."

According to Ben Nicholson, Miss Hepworth's husband, and one of Britain's leading painters, more people absorb the meaning and beauty of abstract forms than realize it. Nicholson, who paints abstract pictures, often gets the criticism that his arrangements of geometric forms and colours could be done by a ten-year-old child. No such child has yet come forward. Miss Hepworth probably escapes the accusation that her abstract carvings could be done by a youngster because the finish on her figures, whether in wood or stone, is obviously the result of fine craftsmanship. "It is just elbow grease," says Miss Hepworth. She achieves her effects by careful and sustained rubbing. "The kind of finish I like is the same as you find on an old staircase where countless hands have rubbed along the wood until it gleams."

Her skill in bringing out the finest qualities of her materials often wins Miss Hepworth praise from her most watchful and cautious critics, the workmen of St. Ives who visit her studio. When one of them says: "A fine job, what a lovely shape!" Barbara Hepworth is happy. Local admiration for the sculptress was demonstrated recently when three ten-foot chunks of blue limestone arrived at St. Ives station. Each piece weighed three and a half tons. "Fortunately, we had the equipment to unload it," says the stationmaster. "We all realize the importance of Miss Hepworth's work and we are happy to help." Delivering the stone was complicated by the town's narrow, winding streets, which were cleared to let the lorry through. "It was a major operation," says the sculptress.

Finding The Right Material

Londoners will see her group of ten-foot figures next March at the top of the steps leading to the Dome of Discovery on the Festival of Britain site. The background for them will be the Thames and the Festival's "vertical feature." An outdoors setting, with space for people to walk around and judge the work from all sides, is what Miss Hepworth likes. "Parked in a passageway, sculpture just dies," she declares.

The Arts Council commissioned Miss Hepworth last November to do the ten-foot group for the Festival. She had an idea then for a massive

Miss Hepworth pauses for self-criticism: "The kind of finish I like is the same as you find on an old staircase where countless hands have rubbed"

work. The next thing was to obtain suitable material. "An idea comes and the right piece of wood or stone—the absolutely right piece—must be found for it," she says.

She had to search for a quarry that had the stone she wanted—blue limestone—and the men who could get it out for her. The ten-foot blocks represent a remarkable feat of quarrying. The first company she approached could not guarantee to supply any one piece longer than five feet. Only one firm, on the west coast of Ireland, could supply the necessary size and quality. Because she is a careful planner, Miss Hepworth wanted three pieces, so that she would have one in reserve in case anything went wrong with the two figures in the group.

With her two assistants, Miss Hepworth now chips away at the blocks all day—and sometimes well into the night. For this work, the sculptress wields a hammer (which weighs anything from two and a half to four pounds) on a steel point, a chisel or a claw.

"It's all a matter of rhythm," she explains to guests who ask why this slender woman does not wear herself out pitting her strength against a piece of stone more than fifty times her own weight. "Barbara and her workers will bang at a piece of stone until their hands are raw," says one St. Ives artist who sticks to the gentler craft of wielding a paint brush. "It amazes everyone how they keep it up." The Hepworth studio works longer hours than any other in the artist colony. The sculptress is not even satisfied with the brighter and longer hours of sunshine the St. Ives climate affords. She has installed floodlights for working at night.

For her exhibition in London this year, she completed eleven pieces of sculpture and some fifty drawings. "Practically all of them were done within the previous nine months," one of the sponsors of the exhibition says. "They are also so well done that they command anything from £25 to £50 for the drawings and from £200 to £1,000 for sculpture." Many of the sculptress's drawings are the result of a series of visits she has been making to hospital operating theatres. She gets the opportunity to make only a few quick notes with a pencil while she is in the hospital. Her finished drawings are done in a combination of paint, ink and pencil, which results in pictures that have been compared to scratched Italian murals. "It reminds me of watching an orchestra," she says of her hospital visits. "There may be as many as twenty people all working together. And there is a close relationship to sculpture—with the surgeons all using their hands as sculptors do."

Sculpture Comes To The Theatre

Miss Hepworth also likes to go backstage at ballet performances. Next year she will do the designs for the Old Vic production of *Electra*, starring Peggy Ashcroft. "It is the first time in this country that anyone has asked a sculptor to take part in a theatrical production," says Hugh Hunt of the Old Vic. "It is part of our policy to ally the theatre to the other arts."

Because the Festival figures occupy a major portion of her garden, she will probably work at theatre design in her studio—a big white-walled room—or in a greenhouse which she has decorated with a large and rusty parrot cage. This cage contains Hector, a fantastic bird made of pieces of driftwood the artist has brought home from walks. "Hector," says Miss Hepworth, impishly, "forecasts the weather for me."

Many sculptors start work with a small model but Miss Hepworth prefers to begin on the full-scale material. "I may scribble sections of forms or lines on bits of scrap paper or old cigarette boxes," she says. Then she goes to work directly on the stone or wood she has selected. To guide her assistants, she chalks outlines on the material they are to carve.

To move her mammoth chunks of stone, the sculptress has had to invest in all sorts of block and tackle. The stone has been hoisted on to a turntable so that it revolves and the artists can have the light shining on any section to be worked. The turntable cost £50; Miss Hepworth had to call in a famous engineering firm to make it for her.

The ten-foot figures revolving on the turntable are the biggest she has tackled in the forty years since she decided to be a sculptress. "I think," she says, "the idea of carving on stone really came to me the day our headmistress returned from a visit to the Middle East and gave us a lecture on Greek and Egyptian sculpture." Ten years after this lecture, Miss Hepworth won a scholarship which took her to Leeds School of Art. The next year she captured a three-year scholarship to the Royal College of Art. A travelling award took her to Italy, where she spent three years studying in Rome, Florence and Sienna. Her first exhibition was held in London when she was twenty.

The Barbara Hepworth of the twenties could and did carve as realistically as any academician. A review of her work since then shows how she has gradually evolved her current style of abstract forms which are far removed from nature. It was a selection of her work which shows this progress that won Britain international recognition at Venice.

At next year's Festival of Britain thousands of people will see her mammoth and enduring figures in blue limestone. Some visitors to the Festival will undoubtedly be shocked, but none will receive a greater surprise than Barbara Hepworth did the day a reviewer summed up her work. The report appeared under the title: *Mother of Triplets Wields Hammer.* THE END

THE EMBRY ESCAPE (3): Continuing Anthony Richardson's account of the wartime exploit of Air Marshal Sir Basil Embry, now C.-in-C. Fighter Command

Shot down and captured by the Nazis, Embry dives into a ditch —and freedom—from a p.o.w. column. He makes for the Somme, but loses his bearings. At night he hears a barking dog, and . . .

Paul comes to the rescue

The French girl was looking wistfully back at Embry's hiding-place. Her brother urged her on

THE HOUSE STOOD ON HIGH ground about a hundred yards from the wood. It was a drab, dour little stone-built house. The barking of the dog was furious. Embry paused for a moment at the gate of the small garden, hesitant, wondering if after all he had allowed exhaustion to blunt his better judgment, and was walking into a trap; should he retreat and seek shelter in the wood? Then he saw that he had no choice. The window over the porch was open and someone was leaning out. *"Qui va là?"*

This was the moment. No hesitation now. *"Anglais,"* said Embry. *"Un colonel anglais, aviateur."*

He hoped to high heaven it didn't sound too much like double Dutch. The window went down with a bang. Embry went up the path to the porch and sat on the bench inside. He heard the sound of footsteps within and the rattling of a bolt. He rose to his feet.

He saw the slit of the opening door and the pale light beyond and then a hand was on his arm in a fast grip above the elbow, and the next moment he was inside the house, and the door was being bolted behind him.

He was in the living-room. A lamp, turned down, was on the table in the centre; beyond, stairs led upwards, and to the right was a door. He stood, swaying a little on his feet, blinking his eyes in the light.

"Alors! Ca va? Mon brave. . . ."

Embry saw that the speaker was an elderly Frenchman, an old coat covering his nightshirt. His cheeks were wizened, his forehead lined. But his eyes were as bright as a sparrow's, and on his large upper lip he carried a gigantic moustache; a very noble moustache, indeed. Embry knew that at once, because it brushed first one cheek and then the other as the little man kissed him. *"Vous parlez Français?"*

"Non," said Embry. "No gen at all! Hell's bells!"

"N'importe." The Frenchman put his fingers to his lips dramatically. "Sssh! *Les Boches!"* he cautioned. He tip-toed across the room to the shuttered window, listened. Then he shrugged his shoulders, laughed. *"Personne."* He came to Embry's side. *"Colonel?"*

"Oui," said Embry, within the scope of his vocabulary.

"Moi. . . ." He tapped his chest. *"Paul."* He danced across the room to the fireplace. Over the mantelpiece hung an enlarged photograph of a French infantry soldier with peaked shako, shoulder epaulettes, and vast moustaches. *"Moi!"* He pointed at the date. Scrawled across the right-hand bottom corner was: "Juin, 1916."

"Good show," said Embry, feeling his legs sagging under him.

"Soldat, eh?"

"Oui," said Embry.

Paul tapped Embry's chest, then his own. *"Soldat. Français . . . Anglais. . . ."* He crooked his right arm, slapped it sharply with his left hand, and made a loud and rude and rasping noise with his lips. *"Les Boches. Sale race!"* It was quite clear what he meant. *"Ah! Maman,"* said Paul. He waved his arms over his head. *"Regarde! Un colonel anglais. Il faut le cacher."*

She stood at the bottom of the stairs, a little, round woman, with close-cropped hair in curlers. She was twisting her fingers together in agitation. *"Maman! Remues-toi!"*

"C'est dangereux d'abriter cet Anglais."

"Non, non. On doit l'aider."

He explained to Embry: *"Les Boches . . . dans le village. . . ."* He pointed towards the door. *"Les Boches . . ici!"* He pointed towards the floor, then to the ceiling. *"Partout."* Then he touched his own chest again, touched Embry's, pointed to his wife. He made the gesture of shooting. *"Bang! Bang!"* he cried, and

then the old man plucked at the buttons of Embry's jacket, unbuttoned it and helped him off with it, pulling the braces from his shoulders, while the woman blew with bellows on the charcoal of the stove. And in a little time, Embry stood in his shirt alone with his dirty clothes piled on a chair beside him. There seemed nothing incongruous standing there, while the woman bustled about her kitchen and the old man went upstairs and found a clean shirt for him. When the red charcoal had heated the water the woman bathed his leg, where the blood was caked with mud. Then very tenderly she washed his wound clean, spread ointment on it and fastened a bandage around.

Hot Coffee, Brandy And Stew

They gave him a meal of hot stew and bread. There was hot coffee to drink and brandy. "*Cognac,*" said Paul and rolled his eyes.

As the food and the liquor went into Embry his spirits rose again. The old man's son and daughter, a boy of thirteen, a girl of sixteen, came down from their rooms while Embry ate his supper, and stood eyeing him, curious, interested, till Maman packed them off to bed again. And at the end of the meal: "*Merci,*" said Embry, and knew how hopelessly inadequate any words could be. Maman beamed and Paul waved his arms.

"*Bon,*" said Embry, and rubbed his stomach. "*Très bon. Merci. Merci.*" Paul nodded his satisfaction, but Maman suddenly turned away and dabbed at her eyes with the sleeve of her dressing-gown and went swiftly upstairs.

"*Alors,*" said Paul. He took Embry by the arm and led him to the adjoining room, carrying the lamp with him. The bed was curtained in an old-fashioned way but the sheets were white and clean. Embry climbed into bed, while the old man tested the shutters and the lock of the window-sash, then returned to the living-room and came back with a single-barrelled, twelve-bore sporting gun. He opened the breach and tapped the cartridge.

"*Dormez-bien,*" he said. He winked enormously. "*Les Boches . . . ici. . . .*" He flung the gun to his shoulders. "*Bang . . . bang . . . dormez-bien!*"

"God bless you," said Embry, meaning it; and was asleep on the instant.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when he awoke, and for several seconds he lay uncertain in his mind as to where he might be. His sleeping quarters of late had shown variety if nothing else, and sheets were still strangers to him. Then with a glow of gratitude he remembered, as Paul came in with a jug of coffee and his clothes, cleaned and dried.

Hiding-place In The Woods

The old man sat on the edge of the bed, while Embry drank. It would not be wise, he explained, for his guest to stay in the house during the day. The Germans were in force in the village of Contes, just half a mile away, and as they had already visited the farm twice, it was not improbable that they might look in again, for milk or eggs or merely because of their suspicious and disgusting habits. He would therefore guide Embry to the neighbouring wood, where he could safely hide and rest. Meanwhile, he would think out during the day the best way to help Embry on his way to the Somme, which was twenty miles away.

It was close on ten when they left the house. The old man walked ahead. He went very cautiously, going to the garden gate first of all to spy out the land, leaving Embry in the porch. It was a perfect late spring morning and the sun was already high in the sky. From his position in the porch, Embry could see the wood where he was to hide and, by peering round the corner, he could see the shallow valley where the village lay.

The convoys were going through, a steady stream of traffic which crawled along the road beneath. He could see armoured vehicles among the lorries, and while he waited several tanks thundered past. The sun was warm and his clothes were dry; he had eaten and slept deeply and many hazards lay behind; his hopes were as high as his spirits. At the gate, Paul beckoned. Embry left the porch.

Though he had complete confidence in the Frenchman's discretion, it was nevertheless a disconcerting sensation walking boldly down the path and on to the track beyond the fence in broad daylight. The memory and experience of the previous night were still fresh in him, but they reached the wood safely.

"*Restez ici,*" said Paul. "*Au revoir.*" He drew from beneath his coat a small, leather-bound book. He winked. Then with a twirl of his moustaches he turned on his heel and went out of the wood. Embry opened the book. It was a French dictionary!

At noon the old man's son, Emile, brought bread and cheese and milk. While Embry ate he sat on his haunches, his back to a tree. He was a bright and pleasant boy with polished cheeks and dark hair. With the help of the dictionary, they conversed.

Three Obstacles To Cross

During the afternoon Embry slept, but was awakened by a sudden burst of firing which seemed to come from the village. After a few desultory shots it died away, and, tired of studying his dictionary, he fell asleep again.

It was just before dark that Paul awakened him. He brought with him a small gilt compass and a packet of bread and cheese. Embry was now finding that though his own French had made little progress, he could understand his friend much better. They stood at the edge of the wood while Paul explained the difficulties ahead.

"Below," he said, "is the Forêt d'Hesdin, and one of the main roads to the coast runs through it. It is now being used intensively by the Germans. Beyond, roughly parallel, is a railway line, beyond again, another road. Both are carrying heavy traffic. If you wish to make the Somme in the direction you have chosen you will have to cross these three obstacles."

"It ought to be a piece of cake," said Embry.

"*Comment?*"

"*Pas difficile, eh?*"

Paul shrugged his shoulders. "Nor must you forget that curfew is from eleven o'clock at night to five in the morning. Anyone found abroad during those hours is liable to be shot on sight. And now—*au revoir et bon voyage.*"

Then again the magnificent moustaches brushed Embry's cheeks as the little Frenchman kissed him goodbye and wrung his hand. At ten thirty on that night, May 30, 1940, Embry left his hiding-place to begin the next stage of his journey.

He descended the long slope that lay before him and entered the Forêt d'Hesdin at dusk. Lightheartedly, he made his way through the trees. Though he kept a straight course with his compass, he could now avoid awkward obstacles, being able to pick up his bearings at any time. It was still night and starlit, but he could hear the rumble of transport an hour before he reached the obstacle of the first road. At midnight he was standing concealed on the fringe of the forest, with the road some fifty yards away running through a shallow cutting.

The Snake Of German Might

The road was packed with traffic. It was one of the most astonishing spectacles he had ever seen. The lorries ran nose to tailboard, with scarcely a gap between them. A line of tanks would follow with lighter armed vehicles in their rear. Then would come a detachment of cyclist infantry, pedalling slowly and painfully in column of four. Then another convoy and another.

There seemed no end to them. Slowly, relentlessly, the great snake of traffic was crawling

Embry again meets Paul, his wartime friend.

westwards, in support of the triumphant enemy forces, and though at that time Embry had little information as to the progress of the war, he was deeply impressed by the implacable onward movement, crushing and grinding its way forward. He lay down at the top of the bank and watched for an opening in the chain of vehicles beneath.

It never came. He watched for over an hour and still the snake crawled on with never a chink in the iron armour of its scales. With dawn approaching, he was forced to relinquish the attempt to cross. He returned, disappointed, to his former hiding-place in the wood near Contes.

At nine o'clock next morning he heard, on awakening from a half slumber that had followed a wakeful, unhappy night, the sound of a horse's hooves coming down the stony track that ran past the wood from Paul's farm, and approaching the edge of the wood he saw Paul himself, his hands deep in his trouser pockets, with the halter rope round one arm, leading his cart horse to work. He had a straw in his mouth and his stained felt hat was on the back of his head. It seemed hard to disturb whatever day-dreams of corn and crops in which he might, despite

Last time they met, death threatened them

war and disaster, be indulging. So it was not without a sense of guilt and reluctance that Embry whistled. But Paul blew the straw out of the corner of his fine moustache with never a quiver of an eyelid, and with a jerk of his halter stopped his horse precisely opposite the spot where Embry stood among the trees.

"You are back? You could not cross? As I thought!"

"I shall try again tonight."

"Make no move until it is quite dark. There are even still more Germans arriving in the district." He gestured with his free arm. "Everywhere . . . everywhere."

He held up his hand with a finger warning silence and inclined his head, listening. From below sounded a distant voice, shouting staccato commands. Paul relaxed again. "It is growing more difficult every day. I don't like this place for you any more. I have found another better hiding-place. In a little while my son, Emile, will come and guide you to it."

About ten o'clock Emile arrived with his sister. The girl flitted round Embry like a butterfly, her eyes bright and her lips parted, hero-worshipping. They led Embry across a ride immediately behind him, made a short detour through the trees and reached the edge of the wood a couple of hundred yards down.

In the hedge bordering the wood, walled with wattles and half concealed overhead with branches, was a small shooting butt.

"*Merci,*" said Embry, and took the bread and cheese which the boy offered, and entered his new retreat. The last he saw of them as he peered out was the girl looking wistfully back, while her brother shook her by the arm and urged her on. He lay down in his shelter, tired with the night's fruitless efforts, and slept uneasily, drowsing in cat-naps till darkness came.

The situation on the road through the Forêt d'Hesdin when he reached it that night was in every way similar to that of the night before. There was nothing for it but, disgruntled and discomfited, to return to Paul's wood.

He woke to find Paul staring into the hide-out. He said in his harsh patois: "You couldn't get across?"

"*Non,*" said Embry.

"I will bring you food later. Also a friend with me."

An Unfriendly Frenchman

At noon he returned. He was accompanied by a young Frenchman in the late twenties, a thin, small, bitter-looking man, with faintly blue chin and uneasy eyes. Paul introduced him as the village schoolmaster. He had brought him, he explained, because he spoke good English.

Embry held his hand out in greeting. The schoolmaster touched it with hesitant, unfriendly fingers. "This is kind of you," said Embry, "to help me."

The Frenchman shrugged. "It is no concern of mine. It is only because of Paul. I don't want to see him in trouble and the sooner you are gone or captured the better. I don't see why I should help you. You are an Englishman, and England has brought this trouble upon us."

"Germany is as much an enemy of France as of Britain," said Embry.

"We don't believe that. We think that Britain hates Germany and wants to fight her. But it is my poor country they must choose for a battle-ground."

"Tell him the news," said Paul in French. "Tell him why I have brought you here."

"The news is bad," said the schoolmaster. "It couldn't be worse. That's why we don't think you stand a chance of escape. Belgium has capitulated. The English Army is defeated and your Highland Division has been flung over the cliffs of St. Valery into the sea. Dunkirk has fallen and the British are evacuating France. I don't think any will get away. As for the countryside around here, it is full of Germans. You are completely surrounded. How can you hope to get away?"

"There's always a way out," said Embry. "If you think hard enough."

"That is all very well," said the schoolmaster. "Bold words. It will need bold deeds as well. I think you have not—what you call it—a dog's chance."

"Come back this evening," said Embry. "Bring me some food. I'll have a plan by then."

"You Are As Good As Captured"

In the early evening Paul and the schoolmaster returned to the hide-out. Embry came to the point at once. "I had a look round this afternoon," he said. "You were quite right. They're everywhere."

"I told you it was hopeless," said the schoolmaster, sourly. "Give yourself up. You are as good as captured already."

"And I told you," said Embry, "that I would have a plan. I have one. I want civilian clothes. I'm going to bluff my way through the German lines in daylight, till I reach our own."

"Impossible."

"*Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?*" demanded Paul. The schoolmaster interpreted. Paul clapped his hands. He broke into an outburst of patois, voluble, frenziedly delighted.

"What's he say?" said Embry in his turn.

"He thinks it is a good idea," said the other sullenly. "He says he thinks you stand a chance, but only a fool would take the risk."

"Then you will get me some clothes?"

"We shall see."

"But you must." He turned to Paul, explaining his need in broken French.

"We will do our best," said the schoolmaster, and with that they left him.

He waited till the early hours of the morning, but no one came; his anxiety increased with his impatience. What had happened to his friend? Had the Germans discovered something? Was he now in their headquarters undergoing interrogation? Uneasily, he slept.

Solution: A Scarecrow

The sun was shining when he woke, and the air was warm and sweet. He left the hiding-place because the early morning was inviting, and while surveying the immediate prospects he could make up his mind on the problems which confronted him. He thought it was not improbable that he would have to break into some large house and steal the necessary clothes. Then, as he turned the corner of the wood, he knew that his problem had been solved for him.

It stood in the middle of a field of beet. Its rigid arms were outstretched, as if in a posture of pleading. It sagged a little pathetically on its solitary support. He was looking at a scarecrow in a coat. He stared for a moment, amazed. It was scarcely conceivable that a solution could be so simple. Then, reckless in his excitement, he ran to the middle of the field, undid the garment from its wooden cross, and ran with his treasure clutched in his arms back to the shelter of the wood.

He tried it on over his uniform. It fitted. He moved in it, raising and lowering his shoulders to test it, praying that the weather-worn seams would not split. He buttoned it right up, then glanced down at the sleeves and saw that they were too short, and that two or three blue Royal Air Force sleeve rings of his rank were showing. He took the coat and laid it gently on the ground. Then he tore up his tunic and buried the pieces in separate places.

Paul's Lessons On Disguise

He was at the entrance of his hiding-place when Paul and the schoolmaster visited him at nine o'clock. The little Frenchman was speechless for a moment, then, snatching a bundle from under the schoolmaster's arms, he broke forth into a flood of words. But this was magnificent! From a scarecrow, eh? *Mon Dieu,* but that was a good one. And see this! What they had brought! A pair of trousers! And a hat!

The trousers were of a one-time blue serge, now grey-green with age. The hat was peaked, like a chauffeur's cap, a shapeless affair. Embry put the cap on his head and exchange his Service trousers for the blue serge. "It is magnificent," said Paul. "It is tremendous. Now walk. *Marchez!*" He spoke rapidly to the schoolmaster, who hastened to explain. "You are too erect, he says, too straight. You hold yourself too well. Too much of the soldier. You must slouch."

"Like this?" asked Embry, and took a dozen steps with dragging feet and hunched shoulders.

"Bravo!" said Paul. He addressed the schoolmaster again, gesticulating. "He says you must learn to gesture like a Frenchman."

Embry flung his arms out. "*Non!*" cried Paul. "*Non . . . non . . . comme ça!*"

"He says," interrupted the schoolmaster, "that only people in other countries think a Frenchman gestures with the hands *outwards.* It is not so. It is *inwards.* There! Watch him."

"I see," said Embry, and made the attempt.

"*Très bien.*" Paul took Embry by the arm. "Come, I will put you on your way." He led Embry to the cottage, and took from a vase on

Paul and his family, now grown up, pose for a John Bull photograph with the man they helped in 1940

the mantelpiece fifty francs. "You will need a little money." He unhooked a satchel from a nail. "Bread and cheese and a bottle of cider. Off we go! I shall accompany you for a little way." As they passed through the porch, he laid his hand on Embry's arm. "We must go through the village of Contes. Remember your walk, your hands. The village is full of Germans."

Embry clutched his stick and slouched off with Paul at his side. They took the lane on the left of the house. As they rounded the corner of the hedgerow, the first cluster of houses came into view. Embry drew in his breath deeply, as a diver does before making his plunge.

"They Are Fools, These Germans"

There were Germans in every doorway and gateway of the grey stone houses in the straggling, haphazard main street of Contes. In the valley at the bottom, the Germans were there in their hundreds, seated on the ground with their backs to a wall, eating their midday meal; standing in groups, talking among themselves and occasionally with the local inhabitants. But not one of the Germans took the least interest, though they glanced casually at the passers-by.

They were in the centre of the village now, and it seemed to Embry that scores of eyes must be fixed on them. But Paul chatted and joked with all the verve and indifference to his surroundings of an accomplished actor. As they crossed the bridge, he chuckled. "They are fools, these Germans. They can never see what is beneath their noses. And now I shall take you to Guisey, the next village."

The ordeal of passing through Guisey was no less than that of Contes, though the village was smaller and the passage, therefore, took less time. But though the street was thronged with Germans, neither Embry nor Paul was challenged.

"On your way," said Paul. "Courage! Your next town is Hesdin. Find a detour and pass round. It might be dangerous to go through the town. It is a bigger place than the others and the Germans may be more strict. Goodbye. Good luck and God be with you." He kissed Embry's cheeks.

"God bless you, Paul," said Embry, and wrung him by the hand. Without another word, Paul turned and went. Once he looked back, a small, dark figure on the dusty road. He waved his stick in farewell and Embry waved back, then Paul walked on again till he was lost to view.

Embry had no difficulty in making a detour round Hesdin. He turned right at a crossroad and took a minor road. There was no traffic and his spirits rose. Half an hour later, with the town now left behind, he made good progress.

He passed through several villages before he reached Cherienne. The streets were filled with German soldiers, but no one took any notice of the unkempt, bedraggled figure, and his confidence was fully restored to him. At eight o'clock he arrived at the outskirts of Tollent. He had then travelled sixteen miles from the time he had left Contes. Dusk had fallen and he had grown hungry. He turned off from the road and sat down in the cover of the hedge. Ravenously he ate the rations Paul had provided and drank the cider, and deciding that this was as good a place as any, prepared to spend the night where he was. He lay against the hedge and closed his eyes.

The villages he passed through next day were nameless as far as he was concerned, but the reaction of each one upon him was uncomfortably similar. They were packed with Germans and every passer-by seemed to stare at him.

The heat of the sun increased with the hours and by noon it might have been that of a midsummer day. It was painful, tedious work, going overland, and he had had nothing to eat or drink since the evening before. At half-past four in the afternoon he saw a Frenchman milking a cow in an open field. He crossed the meadow and asked for a drink of milk.

Warm Milk Was Like Nectar

The Frenchman eyed him curiously. "You are a British soldier," he said. There was no implication of interrogation. It was a plain statement.

"Yes," said Embry. It seemed that only a candid admission could deal with such a frontal attack. There was a pause, then the other lifted the pail from under the cow's udder and without a word passed it across to Embry. It was almost a quarter full of warm, sweet milk. It was like nectar. He gulped at it greedily. He handed the pail back. It was empty. "I am very grateful to you."

"*Du tout*. I could not see a man starve when I have the means to help him at hand." He patted the flank of the cow.

The milk put new heart into Embry and he went on his way more happily resolute. The shadows lengthened across the darkening grass and the sun went down behind the wood, fringing it with gold. The light began to go out of the sky and a star or two came out.

Steadily he made his way across the open country, now almost devoid of woods and trees, gaining with every step renewed confidence. Ahead of him the rumble of battle began again. Then imperceptibly but quite suddenly he found himself in the company of the enemy once more.

Dawn—And Three Miles To Go

The Germans were everywhere. If they had been round Contes and on the road to Tollent in their hundreds, now they swarmed on the sloping ground around the Somme like ants. The sound of the battle was louder now, more insistent in its bursts of gunfire. The resemblance to the rumbling of distant thunder had given way to the wicked whip-like crack and echoing hollow clang that only artillery could give. He had caught up with the armies.

He was making his way more quickly now with the ground sloping gradually down before him. Still ahead of him the sky flickered with shell bursts and the star shells danced beneath the stars. Then he saw the first hint of dawn breaking over the sky, and taking out his watch saw it was three fifteen, with another three miles to go to reach his objective.

He would hide for the day, and make his final venture the following night. He looked about him. The land on the north slope of the shallow valley had a bleak, inhospitable look, with never a sheltering wood in sight. He grew anxious, wondering if he had pressed on in his eagerness too impetuously, over-running that part of the terrain where he could have hidden with comparative safety. But it was too late to retrace his steps; daylight would be upon him soon. He moved forward to a cornfield just on his right. The corn was half grown, scarcely three feet high. It would make a very indifferent hiding place, but he had no other option than to lie down where it was thickest and hope for the best.

In a very short time the sky was bright. He relaxed, lying on his face, the increasing heat of the rising sun warming his back. No doubt he had been drowsing after the strain of the night's long passage, for the crash of the first salvo of shells nearly brought him to his feet. The ground trembled beneath him and clods of earth fell nearby.

In The Middle Of A Duel

He lay pressed close to the earth, wondering why anyone should trouble to shell an empty cornfield, when there was a roar of a battery's guns from behind him and he heard the whistle of the missiles over his head. He peered round cautiously and saw smoke eddying from a small copse five hundred yards to his rear. There was several minutes' silence and then the Allied battery from over the Somme opened up again and a second salvo fell less than two hundred yards away. Embry was in the middle of an artillery duel.

The exchange of fire lasted for half an hour. Gradually both sides abandoned the duel, so that after a while all he could hear was the undertone of the general engagement. The sun was growing hot. His lips were dry. As he moistened them with his tongue they dried again immediately and felt sore. Then he heard the sound of the approaching motor bicycle.

He peered through the blades of the corn and to his amazement and dismay saw a German cyclist, his machine plunging and swaying, coming across the cornfield, directly towards him.

NEXT WEEK: Embry finds himself in the villages of deserted houses

THE SCARLET SWORD

by H. E. BATES

The horror and humiliation of all Father Simpson had gone through vanished suddenly in this moment of light. He knew what he had to do

SIKANDER SHAH, THE OFFICER commanding the Pathans, was badly wounded. As Colonel Mathieson said, he'd "bought it" in both legs after a cannon attack by Tempests and Spitfires of the Indian Air Force. And lying in bed, one leg amputated—without anaesthetics—he had an immense longing to talk to Father Simpson, younger of two English priests who ran the Mission. Though he never mentioned it, Sikander Shah had been brought up in a Mission school himself.

At the same time, in another room, Indian women were having their hair cut and being issued with European clothing by Crane, the journalist, and Colonel Mathieson. It was a desperate stratagem to try to protect them from the half-wild Pathans who, after the rape and massacre of their night attack on the Mission, were now billeted in the building. Their presence made the Mission a legitimate military objective for Indian forces who were opposing them in Kashmir.

Many Indian villagers and four European women had been murdered during the Pathans' attack—Mrs. Mathieson, the colonel's wife, Mrs. Maxted, mother of Julie, with whom Crane had fallen in love, the Mother Superior and a nun. Two people were still missing—Sister Teresalina, assistant Mother Superior, and the husband of Dr. Baretta, the Mission's woman doctor.

Though Sikander Shah would not spare trucks to evacuate the women and children, or offer any guarantee that his men would not attack them again, he did exercise some control over the tribesmen. Now that he was dangerously wounded, and his authority over the Pathans slipping, it was more than ever important that he should allow the women and children to be evacuated.

Maybe, Crane thought, Father Simpson would be able to plead successfully with him. He went to try to find him, and met Colonel Mathieson. "I'm beginning not to like this," the colonel said. "No one can find Father Simpson."

PART 6

Sister Teresalina

DR. BARETTA came back into the ward in the early afternoon. For a person so spare, so fleshless that she was very like a peeled stick in her white hospital coat, she moved with strides of assurance, delicately and strongly. Three of the four wounded Pathans watched her as she passed; the fourth, too ill and now half-conscious, had turned away his face in some pre-comatose struggle and lay glassily gazing at the autumn afternoon beyond the windows.

She went on to Sikander Shah. There had really been very little left of the leg, and Nurse McAlister, who had seen these things in Burma and had no squeamishness about them, had been very wonderful and they had done what was necessary together.

She was surprised to find Sikander Shah awake and conscious. The traditional ferocious tribal toughness had been hardened through the fire of

She was transfixed. She had on her face a stunned watchfulness. "He is in the well," she said

WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND WOMEN WERE WOMEN

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the experience and now it increased as he looked up and saw who she was. He had been put into a proper hospital bed moved from the smaller ward.

It had had the effect not of raising him up but of transforming him from a merely crushed idol of flesh and bone to a figure with a curiously lethal and vicious stare that shocked her. She had in fact never really seen him until the moment she had been summoned to look at him that morning; she did not know of his tribal and convent conflicts; she was unaware that his ancestors had been kings; and he in turn had hardly been, in the first brutal hour or so of pain, aware of her.

SISTER COURBET had followed her up the ward and now unhooked the chart from the end of the bed. Dr. Baretta read its data of pulse and temperature and gave it back to her. She had not intended to do more than that and she was actually moving away from the bed when he called quite strongly after her: "Where is the young priest?"

"He is not back." She stood a little closer to the bed. "It is no time to talk now."

"I shall talk if I want to." His lips were down-drawn in carved contempt.

"I am going to send you some sleeping tablets and you must not talk——"

"You are not Hindu," he said.

She did not speak. The Pathan whose belly had been shot out by Tempest cannon-shell began coughing weakly, retching, and Sister Courbet moved away, leaving the doctor and the Afridi officer alone together.

"When I first saw you I thought you were English," he said. "I couldn't see very well. You are not anybody. I see that."

She did not answer. She wanted to move away, but for some reason she could not move; she felt transfixed by the furious magnetism of the Afridi's eyes, by naked dark contempt. She saw his tongue exploring with quivering thrusts the front of his mouth, as if he were gathering spittle. The accentuated jawbone, pale from loss of blood, sprang elastically to reveal white teeth.

"You are a tar-brush," he said.

She did not answer; there was no need to answer. We could, of course, have killed you where you lay, she thought; and, indeed, there had been an odd moment, she now remembered, when McAlister had stood looking down at the bed with a sort of murderously bemused tension, a transitory moment of controlled antagonism held back like a catapult ready to fire.

"Get the young priest," he said. "I want to be taken out of here. I will not be mauled by parasites."

Her eyes were simply fragments of glass in which there seemed to be no moisture at all. Her frail body, too tired to move or answer, seemed to have so little substance left that it could not fill its ducts with tears.

She made a great effort not to show these things and then saw, with amazement, that he was trying to support himself with his elbows and get up from the bed. All the incredibly indomitable tribal toughness leapt vividly into his face. She moved instinctively to hold him down. He spat out at her: "Don't touch me! Keep your hands off me."

In revulsion she stood still, her strength gone. All of her resources, dammed up, desperately holding back all her grief, her lonely bewilderment since her husband had gone out and never come back, broke suddenly down. She lifted her hands to her face, feeling tears flying up through her body in a broken flood. From the bed he spat something else at her, struggling once more to get up, and at that moment McAlister came up the ward.

"What goes on? What goes on?" she said.

She went past Dr. Baretta, and in a single movement of both hands, rather as if twisting a wet cloth, seized the shoulders of the Afridi officer and pinned him down.

He tried to say something, glaring at her with black eyes shot yellow now with streaks of sick exhaustion, and she snapped: "Don't try any of your hanky-panky with me or I'll whip your head off and show it to you."

Unamused, faint and yellow now, he began: "I want to——"

"Shut up!" she said.

"I——"

"Shut up, I tell you! Shut up!"

A second later, almost as if driven to it by his own ferocity, he fainted clean away on the bed. There was a rush towards him from Dr. Baretta and Sister Courbet, who had been standing apart by the other beds in frozen meek suspense, listening, but McAlister stood in front of Dr. Baretta, holding her back.

"We can cope," she said. "What was it? What was wrong?"

"He wants to be taken out of here."

"Wonderful," McAlister said. "Let's all go."

"He has to be kept very quiet—it is quite impossible."

"He's for the high jump anyway," McAlister said.

DR. BARETTA stood crying, her tears floating with a curious bleaching effect down her face, giving it streaks of pallor.

"Don't cry," McAlister said. All her incongruous gentleness flowed smoothly out, warming her voice. "Don't cry, please." She put her arms about the doctor's waist. "I love you. We all love you. There's no need to cry. We love you."

"I am crying because I am tired. Not because——"

"If he wants to go so badly," McAlister said, "we might use it to get us all out." She remembered the colonel's suggestion of a bargain, a parley. "Maybe we can bargain to get the women and children out. Don't cry. Have a wee lie-back somewhere."

She pushed the doctor gently away down the ward. From the other beds a Pathan made guttural noises like an appealing mute, pointing down at the bed. The doctor turned to attend, and

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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

"Any — er — whisker brushes or handy little blade things —very useful for sharpening pencils and so forth"

McAlister went with swift steps after her.

"Away you go," she said. "Away. Out! He'll only be wanting a bottle or something, and we can deal with that."

In the confusion brought about by the wounded coming in at the main door of the Mission in the early morning, the two guards had rushed out across the terrace, leaving the main door free for the first time since the raid had begun. Father Simpson, in his blind anxiety to find Sikander Shah, had gone through the entire length of the ward before he saw the officer lying under the window just inside the door. He stopped to speak to him. He was thinking of nothing but the colonel's excellent notion of getting the whole Mission evacuated by bargain; and then he saw that the Afridi officer, as if horrified at the descendant of kings being seen in the attitude of shattered mutilation, crushed by pain, had covered his face with both hands.

The priest did in fact call his name, but the hands, hideously clenched, did not fall away from the face and the priest did not repeat his call. Instead, he saw that the main door was open and unguarded; and, in a moment, blundering and joyful and caring no longer for the colonel's notion of bargaining or for Sikander Shah, he was through it and free.

He ran towards the chapel, and in two or three seconds was beyond the cypress trees. That part of the garden had run very wild. Summer weeds and grass, under hot sun, had grown up to six or seven feet like thick bleached corn among masses of rhododendron.

Stumbling downhill, he slipped and fell. The smack of his body on rock and prickles brought him to his senses. He sat still. Since the moment of rushing out of the main doorway it had not once occurred to him why he was running. Now he remembered his impassioned, impatient anxieties in the washroom. He had set himself to find Dr. Baretta's husband and Sister Teresalina. The bargain with Sikander Shah could wait.

How he was to do these things was not quite clear. He sat looking at the mountains. A section of the snows of Nanga Parbat was quite clear. The sun on the eastern side had given the glacial face a vivid transparence; the great cols were flashing blue. He began to pray, his eyes open, almost as if in communion with himself or the mountain.

I am in the wilderness, he thought, and I do not know which way to go; others have been in the wilderness before me and God has guided them. Indeed, it is the substance and basis, he thought, of all we are: we are lost, each of us, severally and personally, in the wilderness of our time and it is by God and through God that we are found again.

It seemed suddenly very simple. He looked down at the valley below. There was nearly always a little wind, even on the hottest days, from the direction of the snows, and now already it was stirring across the ricefields, pushing back the smoke of the burning village on the other side of the gorge.

Through clearing smoke was revealed the river, with road and bullock track, wrecked trucks under plane trees and the collection of moored houseboats that Father Anstey had seen. One of the boats was still smouldering like a large cigar.

He remembered then, with horror sharpened by three days of complete forgetfulness, Miss Jordan and Miss Shanks. In the distressing chaos at the Mission they had never been once in his mind.

He offered a prayer for Miss Jordan and Miss Shanks, this time firmly shutting his eyes. When he opened them again the smoke in the valley had been driven farther back. There was no shooting across the gorge; he could see wind shaking leaves from the boughs of the plane trees; and now, all horror behind him, it was difficult not to believe that he was alone there in the tranquillity of an unblemished day. It was difficult to believe that he had come blundering out, in fanatical purpose, to face new revelations, to new deliberations with death.

Trapped by these deceptions and the beauty of the morning into a frame of mind that was almost exultant, he went down the hill. His purpose had become suddenly clear; he was determined to search the Mission gardens from end to end, beginning with the farther, lower boundaries, where nothing grew but wild pears and acacias and a few flimsy birches, and working up through the cultivated terraces of peach and vine to the arbours of cypress behind the chapel.

Until nearly eleven o'clock he beat his way along the entire length of wooded boundaries down the slope. By that time the sun was very hot and all the shining crest of Nanga Parbat was clear, its iciness no longer blue but paler, whiter, like a mountain of starch. He sat down on the lowest of the cultivated terraces and looked at it, sweating and hungry, feeling how splendidly and stereoscopically near it looked, and offered another prayer.

This combination of prayer and hunger brought a curious lightness to his brain, inducing an odd sense of cunning. Three days of banter under the tautness of hideous circumstances with Crane and Mathieson had sharpened his wits.

About now, the Pathans would be eating. It will be very quiet for an hour or so, he thought. I can explore the upper terraces and those behind the chapel.

He sat thinking of all this, glad that he had been able to collect thoughts that had always been so malleable and shapeless and wandering, and beat them into shape. It was rather what the colonel would do, he thought. You had to be sharp. You had to think things out.

Thinking of the colonel, he crawled warily up the slope. Just below the potato-patch where Father Anstey had surprised him on Saturday morning—with what had seemed so cruel a joke about the rabbits—he could see almost all the western side of the upper terrace, with the Pathan trucks parked beyond the orchard.

He did not stop there. His progress had the impulse of a hazy kind of divination. His head, from hunger, was

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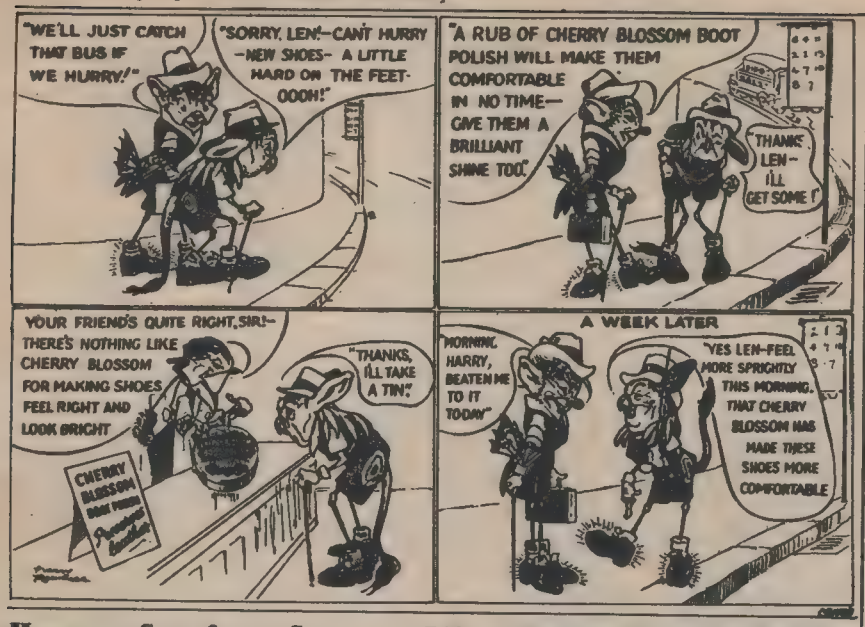
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very light and clear. He crawled to the extreme edge of the potato-patch and lay down. Beyond the edge of the potato-patch was the second of two wells that supplied the gardens. He had planted it round with cypresses only two years before. Now the trees were ten to twelve feet high, in a wide, black-green square.

His recollection of the well, combined with the fact that he suddenly saw his garden fork standing where he had left it in his haste on Saturday morning, made him very glad. Potatoes were lying about where he had left them, greened now by exposure to sun.

There had been one of the big, flat, oval native baskets there, too, but now it had gone. Perhaps Father Anstey had taken it up for him, he thought.

I can drink now, even if I can't eat, he thought. I can rest and then I can go on searching. His mouth was parched.

Over beyond the edge of the potato-patch was a screen of acacias and he was able to walk the last twenty or thirty paces to the square of cypresses about the well.

When he arrived there he wanted to shout with horror and joy and the shock of what he saw. He stood with his mouth open, hands groping across his chest. All his curious blundering divinations, it seemed, had finally and incredibly flowered to revelation.

"Sister!" he said. "Oh! Sister—Sister Teresalina! Sister. . . ."

She was sitting on one of the rocks that had been unearthed at the time of the digging of the well. By her side was the wicker basket brought from his potatoes. She had on her face a stunned watchfulness. It was so dead that for several moments he could not believe in the miraculous fact of her living. And then she spoke to him.

"I knew it could only be you," she said. "You were so noisy. I could hear you coming all the way."

She did not move for several minutes from the stone. He noticed that she looked straight past him, eyes apparently fixed on Nanga Parbat. Without tension, still neutral and stunned, she managed at the same time to convey an impression of being transfixed by something unforgettably awful. During these first few minutes before she got up he sat holding her hands.

All of a sudden she said, flatly, still staring: "He is in the well.. He was alive. They put him there. For quite a long time he was alive," and he knew that she was talking of Dr. Baretta's husband.

STRICKEN by a terrible sense of inadequacy, of being hopelessly equipped both as priest and man for revelation so fiendishly shocking, he was reduced once more to trembling. He felt sweat streaming from him, in the hot noon sun; his whole body seemed to be in feverish dissolution.

"That's why I didn't come back," she said. "They dragged him along on his face. I could hear him screaming all the way. I was in the vines with the women when they went by. . . ."

He felt he could no longer bear to hear these things. He plunged his head into his hands in groping, extinguishing thrusts of pain. "I was frightened, too, I suppose," she said.

When he looked up again she had got up from the stone. She walked away to the gap in the cypresses. He groped to his feet and walked after her. "You must come back now. I will take you back," he said.

She turned her face to him in a wooden smile. After the tension, by sheer weariness the skin of her cheeks had fallen in loose collapse, sagging agedly from the bone. She seemed, he thought, more Spanish than ever, now: dark-eyed, racked by ageless and incomprehensible suffering, like a carved and tortured wooden saint.

She gazed at him as if not knowing what he said.

He repeated: "I will take you back. Are you strong enough? Can you walk?"

"I will stay here," she said.

"Oh! No, no, no," he said.

"You go."

"Oh! My dear Sister—you're exhausted—it's very terrible—you——"

"I can wait for you," she said.

It had not occurred to him until that moment how exacting his task was. The distressing necessity of going back to the Mission, of revealing the things he had found. . . . He remembered the Pathans, the guards, the fact that he had cheated them into getting out. The way must be made clear for Sister Teresalina and the body of the doctor's husband to be taken back. He would speak to Sikander Shah.

A moment of anger, furious and restorative, finally extinguished his doubts.

"He died yesterday," she said. "I heard all your prayers for the dead when you buried them up in the orchard. Are there many dead?"

Looking away, he did not answer.

HE was a little more than halfway up the terrace of peach trees when he saw the two Afridi guards, rifles at the ready, coming down the path. He did not know that Sikander Shah had asked for him: first through the colonel, then a few moments before the amputation of his leg through McAlister, who had been so impatient and fed up with such a request at such a moment that she had obeyed his order and called in one of the guards.

The guard was an Afridi who had come in looking for women the previous night. He had been down in the village, burning houses, and had found women there; and now, on guard, he was in a sour, sore-eyed aftermath of lechery and fire; he was liverish and foul-tempered and truculent at being sent for by Sikander Shah, who was too stiff on discipline and small matters like tribal divisions and excursions into women-baiting that were as natural a part of fighting as killing Hindus. There were too many Hindus, as everyone knew. There were too many priests. Hindu males were meant to be butchered and Hindu females were meant to be raped; and he did not much care for officers, trained anyway by the British, who interfered with the natural elemental rules in these things.

He listened in complete silence to Sikander Shah's orders to find another man and go out and look for the young priest; and then gave a sideways truculent twist of the head that could have meant anything. Sikander Shah pulled him up at the door. The young priest was to be found and brought in, wherever he was and whatever he was doing; there was to be no nonsense about it from him or the priest or anyone else. The Afridi listened and this time saluted and went in final liverish fury, madly unslinging his gun. The priest was another one who liked thwarting the natural needs of man.

When Father Simpson saw the two Afridis coming for him down the path he was torn between an extraordinary curiosity and a wild desire to run. His curiosity came from the fact that he felt he was really seeing the Afridis for the first time. Both of them were big men, turbaned and moustached, with long-skirted jackets, belted by old-fashioned cartridge bandoliers in which they carried daggers. They had a sort of highly embellished and archaic ferocity that was so theatrical that it did not seem to be true. Somehow, now, as he saw them truly and clearly in daylight for the first time, he could

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

not believe in their monstrous reality.

A moment later he turned aside from the path and began to run. For the Afridis the prospect of taking him calmly back to the hospital ward in an orderly fashion at the request of an officer changed in a moment to a ramp. As Father Simpson rushed through the avenues of peach trees the Afridis were struck into delight by his blundering flabbiness. He was running and frightened; he was weak and harmless; he had all the clumsy terror of a stricken animal who must be caught and baited.

They cut him off at the end of the plantation of peaches, below the orchard. He turned on them, roaring and stabbing at the air with both hands. "Leave me alone! Leave me alone! I wish to see Sikander Shah! Leave me alone!"

The Afridis, laughing, seized him by both arms and began frog-marching him up the slope. He stumbled and fell on his knees, twisting himself free. He kicked out with both legs, cracking the elder Afridi on the shin, and the Afridi, not laughing, remembering the previous night, hit him across the spine with the rifle-butt. Father Simpson fell down.

As his face crushed down on dry earth the Afridi hit him again with the rifle, beating him across the back somewhere about the point where his braces were buttoned. The force of the beating broke the buttons and the braces popped free. The Afridis howled with wild laughter and the younger took hold of the priest's trousers and wrenched them down. Father Simpson, turning, lashed out with both legs, but the Afridis were too quick this time and simply hit the legs with rifle-butts as they flayed about the air.

His kicking loosened his trousers still further and finally the Afridis seized his arms and dragged him to his feet so that the trousers fell down altogether. The priest stooped to pull them up and the younger Afridi, laughing, hit him with the rifle-butt so that he fell down again, pitching into the dust on his face. Again as he lay there the Afridis picked him up and again his trousers fell down.

At the fourth or fifth fall Father Simpson made a savage lunge about him as he got up again. His trousers had now fallen completely over his boots, and he hit the elder Afridi full in the mouth with his fist.

The blow the Afridi gave him in return was not only in answer to it. It was part of the Afridi's hatred of all priests, all British, all thwarters of soldiers' rights, all discipline; it came out of a boorish savagery left from his wild excursion of the previous night. It was delivered with a full swing of the rifle-butt. It caught Father Simpson across the side of the head, below the left ear, knocking him down and out like a topheavy ninepin, so completely and neatly that the Afridis roared with laughter at his scrambling futility to cover the flesh of his legs and to get to his feet at the same time. Then suddenly Father Simpson got to his feet. He had succeeded in holding up his trousers with his left hand. His face was swollen, almost bloated, with the pulsating blood of rage. It had something gross and righteous about it. He was drawing in and rejecting his breath in panting sobs. The Afridis laughed and he retreated, frenziedly crying with rage, up a little bank. He remained there for some seconds, exactly like a baited animal, and then he roared and leapt down. He lashed across with his right foot and kicked the Afridi between crutch and thigh.

The Afridi, who had laughed so much that he felt like crying, now actually cried for a moment with sickening pain as he staggered down the bank and then recoiled. It was getting too much, he thought. With furious precision he hit the priest in the chest with the rifle-butt, just above the heart. The priest fell back on the bank, trouserless, stunned, holding his hands before his face.

As he lay there, unable to get up, the Afridis hit him several times more, about the head, the chest, and on the lower naked parts of the body, jabbing the red imprint of rifle-butts on the flesh like the marks of an enormous rubber stamp.

THIS systematic bludgeoning was halted by a voice yelling from the lorry park. From the edge of the top terrace a small figure in khaki shorts, turbanless, brown and squeaking, came out from the trucks to shout that it was dinner time. The younger Afridi pulled out his dagger and slit the laces of Father Simpson's boots and then lugged the boots off and threw them into his face. That made both the Afridis laugh again. And this final leer of laughter, with the blow of the boots on his face, was the last thing the priest remembered.

Halfway up the terrace the Afridis met the figure who had shouted at them. He was a tight-headed Pathan boy of twelve or thirteen who was carrying in his hand the ramrod of a shotgun. He came to meet them running, shouting that it was dinner time. He had seen them bludgeoning the priest. It was his

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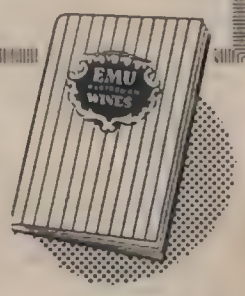

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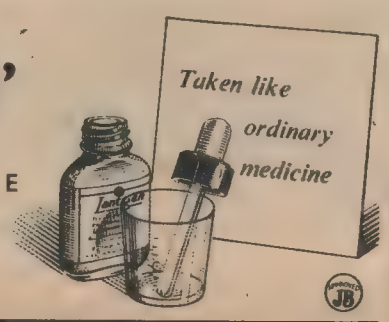

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first war and he had had great fun following the Pathans about, riding on the backs of trucks, picking up bits of loot like ramrods and cartridge cases and belt buckles.

His large, shining black eyes were excited. He had run away from home and he was a man of battles; he was on equal terms with soldiers; he was expert at looting cigarettes. He could even speak and understand a little English. When he got back to the hills he would have a terrific story to tell about the way he rode with Pathans and Afridis as if he were one of them. He was learning to be a great man.

As he ran down the terrace he began shouting loudly to the Afridis something about the officer Sikander Shah sending out an order to look for them. The elder Afridi, who hated officers and their interference and had wanted to take it out a little more on the priest, hit the boy with liverish fury across the face, telling him to keep his mouth shut. The other snatched the ramrod out of his hand and swiped him with it, cutting his legs below the short khaki trousers.

The Afridi strode up the slope with the ramrod, and the boy ran after him, pleading for it. The Afridi took another cut at him and then threw the ramrod thirty or forty yards down the slope behind him.

As the boy went back to fetch it he was crying, not so much from the pain of the cuts across his bare legs as from the awful abruptness of his rejection. He couldn't for the life of him understand these things; he hadn't the vaguest idea what he had done to be beaten. He walked down the slope, crying, and picked up the ramrod.

He stood with it on the path, looking down. He saw the priest, fifty or sixty yards farther on, lying on the bank. He walked down the path. When he saw the bruised and partly trouserless figure unconscious on the bank, with its boots lying against its face, he felt that the priest and himself were victims of the same thing. The Afridis had had a beating-up party and the priest was dead. He thought in a hideous moment that he might have been dead himself. He thought of his mother, wailing over his death a hundred miles away in the village up in the hills, and he began wailing, too, frightened of the dead priest and the wrath that might have killed him, all his toughness gone.

This wailing was the next thing the priest heard after the Afridi's laughter and the boots hitting him in the face. He lay for a few seconds looking at the blue autumn sky. He did not understand the wailing. His head was being bludgeoned by slow and terrible hammer strokes. He wanted to be sick. He groped weakly to pull up his trousers.

The boy, overjoyed in this movement, crawled up the bank and lay down by him. "Sahib," he said. The priest was so enormous and even in his beaten state so obviously an important person that he changed his mind and said: "Burra sahib. Sahib. Burra sahib."

The priest was sick where he lay. For some moments he turned his head away from the boy. When it was over he felt better.

"Where did you come from?" he said.

"Sahib?" the boy said. "Burra sahib?"

"You speak English?"

"Little, little," the boy said.

"Pathan boy?"

"Pathan," the boy said, eager to talk to him. "Pathan, yes, Pathan."

"What do they call you?"

"Sahib?"

"Name?"

"Pir Dil Khan," the boy said.

Father Simpson lay looking at the boy, grateful for the short-living conversation between them, too sick to get up.

"What are you doing here?" he said "What is this?"

"Sahib?"

"This," the priest said. He pointed to the ramrod.

"Gun," the boy said. "Is for gun." He held it to his shoulder like a rifle and the priest smiled. He felt terribly sick and strengthless. He put his hand in his trousers' pocket, trying to find his handkerchief so that he could wipe away his sickness. Suddenly all the bruises of his ribs met in a single obliterating constriction across his heart, blackening him out again, and the handkerchief seemed simply to float away.

When he came round again the boy had wiped his face clean. He felt a little better. There was more blood in his mouth and he was very thirsty.

But he remembered, suddenly, Sister Teresalina; he remembered everything now that had happened. There crowded on him the accumulated hideous events of the well.

He managed slowly to stand up. The boy held him by one hand while he himself held up his trousers with the other.

Feebly and slowly he went up the path, the boy holding his hand. The boy had become filled with sudden jealous and proud devotions; he put one hand half across the priest's back as they climbed the steps.

It occurred to the priest then that the boy had seen the beating.

"You see Afridis?" he said. "Down there? You see?"

"Sahib," the boy said. He gave the curious oblique signal of the head, half-negative, half-positive, that meant yes. "Sahib." He waved the stick. "Sahib. Sahib."

Father Simpson turned and searched him with bloody eyes, speaking slowly from thickened lips.

"You must not speak," he said.

"Yes, sahib!" the boy said. "Yes, sahib!"

"No speak," the priest said.

"No, sahib! No, sahib!" the boy said. He remembered the Afridis; he remembered what had come of that. "No!" the boy said. "No speak, sahib." He was joyful and determined and not crying now. "No speak!"

FATHER SIMPSON, waking in bed in the kitchen, could not for some moments remember where he was. When he saw Father Anstey standing over the bed, it occurred to him that it was something about the rabbits. He had not fed the rabbits.

He sat guiltily upright. It was as if his head had struck the ceiling. Violently the blood beat across his forehead, rousing waves of sickness in his stomach.

He tried to struggle out of bed. Wildly looking about him, he spoke vaguely and feverishly about the rabbits. Father Anstey said simply: "They are all right. The boy has fed them. Twice yesterday and once today. They will probably get pot-bellied if he goes on like this."

"The boy?"

"You remember—you asked him. It was the last thing you asked him before you came to lie down."

"What boy?" He could not remember anything of these things. Distraught and sick, he simply looked about him, only to discover that the elder priest had gone. He tried once again to get out of bed and then saw, five seconds later, that the priest had come back.

"This boy," Father Anstey said.

Father Simpson remembered. "Pir Dil Khan," he said.

The boy, still carrying the ramrod, greeted this recognition of him with an

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Try, Try Again!

TO be a stoic under difficulties is admirable, but it is not one of life's major virtues. Real perseverance is.

The person who really perseveres refuses to be baffled by difficulties or to be put off by opposition. He is prepared to fail nineteen times in the hope of succeeding at the twentieth.

It is this complete indifference to what the world calls failure that is the hallmark of true perseverance.

It is not a question of developing a new sort of character — merely a matter of learning to use to the best advantage the character we already have.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

enormous smile and a packet of cigarettes. "No speak," he said. "No speak." He held out the cigarettes. "No speak. For you. For you."

"I think he stole them from Crane," Father Anstey said.

"Steal?" Father Simpson said. "Did you steal?"

"Yes, sahib. Steal," the boy said. "Steal. For you."

"Everything is for you," Father Anstey said.

"It is very wrong to steal," Father Simpson said, but the boy smiled and the words did not seem to matter.

"He says he will go to the front and steal loot for you," Father Anstey said. "You are a very burra sahib. He was very upset because he thought you were dead."

"I am very far from dead. I am going to get up," Father Simpson said.

Sickly, with puffy determination, he got out of bed. He wanted to send the boy away, but a moment later Crane came in.

"Sikander Shah is asking for you again," he said.

Father Simpson, staggering weakly, asked: "For me? Again?"

"He was asking for you all day yesterday."

"Yes," the priest said. "Yes." He was trying to remember more clearly now, in sequence, the events of yesterday. "I was to see him. I want to speak to him."

"Don't worry about it," Crane said.

"It was about evacuation," the priest said. "Did they raid us again?"

"Three times," Crane said. "Twice yesterday afternoon. Once today. They're using Tempests and Spitfires in relay now. Six at a time."

WHEN Father Simpson staggered slowly into the central ward ten minutes later, the boy followed him with the ramrod, like a puppy learning its first trick of carrying a cane. He sent him out of the ward.

Halfway up the line of beds Dr. Baretta came to meet him. Nothing of her cool graciousness had gone. He said: "I think Sikander Shah has asked for me."

"He is very sick," she said.

He went slowly up the ward with her to where Sikander Shah lay.

When Dr. Baretta brought him a chair and made him sit by the bed, he saw the Afridi officer give a glance of such carved and angular contempt that he was puzzled and aggrieved and said, sickly and sharply: "I am very sorry I could not get here before. I was detained." Dr. Baretta walked away. "I am very sorry." He looked at the Afridi. "What is it you want?"

"I want to get out of here."

The priest smiled with awful distortion; the bruised, raw flesh of his face gave him astonishing and unnatural contempt.

"Shall we make it a reciprocal arrangement?" he said.

"I have no power to——"

"Yesterday we found the doctor's husband in a well," the priest said. He spoke slowly, with tortured deliberation. "For some time he had been alive. Of course, he was a Hindu. Anything is good enough for a Hindu. We know that. Of course, it has nothing to do with taking you out—and where, in any case, would we take you?"

"I have been terribly troubled," the officer said.

"We have all of us the same common affliction," the priest said. "It is nice to know."

The rapidity and completeness of his rush of bitterness had blinded him to the fact that the Afridi officer was weeping. He was overwhelmed by a blast of contrition; once again his tongue had run away with him, to make a mockery of his faith. He turned contritely and simply to gather with his bruised hands the sweating hands of the young officer.

"You need not be troubled," he said. "There is no need to be troubled."

THE officer did not speak; his tears, woken and then held back by sheer weakness, had not fallen. They glistened on the lids of eyes no longer very barbaric, obliterating all sign of contempt; and the priest began to see, now, that he was very tired.

"Tell me what we can do," he said. "The raids are getting too frequent. Surely you can give us two trucks and get us out?"

"I have already sent a message detailing the trucks." He gazed past the priest vaguely and weakly, and suddenly it seemed to Father Simpson that a great change had taken place. It struck him that the face on the bed had moved farther away. It was defined in all ways less sharply; it was an object retreating out of focus.

He said: "I am very glad you have found it possible to evacuate us. Or at least the children and the women. The rest of us will stay. We shall do our best for you," but the officer did not answer. His mouth had opened itself as if to say something and now simply remained darkly parted, like a quivering trap.

It was less from this than from a slight and terribly strengthless signalling of the officer's hands that the priest felt the truth emerge. The officer was breathing with painful gasping, very fast. Father Simpson looked in a distracted and helpless way up the ward for Dr. Baretta but she was not there, and he felt he could not call. He realized suddenly that he was alone; that the hands could not let him go; that here at last was a trap of circumstance from which there was no extricating himself, no drawing back.

This simple realization gave him more than calm. He felt exaltation, like a great indrawing of new breath, give him strength. Under his bruised and distorted flesh he felt splendidly healed. Finally and surely he had reached a point, beyond all his growing complexes, his stupid, ruinous vanities, when he felt he had become impermeable and hard and safe from himself.

He heard the officer say something about "A convent . . . I was at school . . ." but strength died on the lips, leaving them open, the dark mouth

To an overworked wife

Probably it's the cooking which takes more out of you than anything else. What a difference an electric cooker could make to your life. Spotlessly clean. No blackened saucepans. Cooks to perfection at the touch of a switch.

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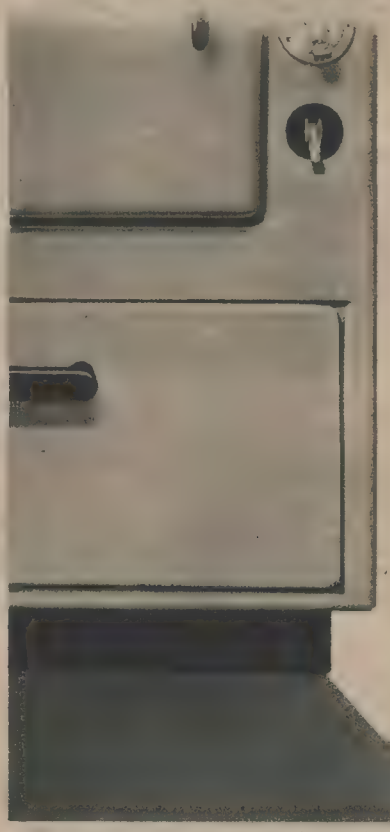

Electricity makes life EASIER

Find out about the labour-saving electric cooker at your nearest Electricity Service Centre. The staff there will show you a host of household devices to make your life easier. They'll give you sound, practical advice—quite free. That's their job. Take your husband round as well, and let him get interested!

Issued by the British Electrical Development Association

It's only natural . . .

. . . that such good companions are always ready for a walk or a game whenever there's a chance. Happily occupied in the fresh air with a dog to join in the fun, children are seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put them out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system, restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains extracts of senna and ripe figs. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.

'California Syrup of Figs' REGD.

HELPING Daddy with the chickens is just one job in Keith's crowded day. He's an energetic Bonny Bournville youngster, who enjoys every bit of fun the day brings. Quite a cyclist, although he's only 3, he is proud possessor of two tricycles (one big, one small) and a scooter. If you're a favourite of his, Keith will give you a tune on his mouth organ—or 'my band' as he calls it. But, more than anything else, Keith likes chickens and he loves digging up worms for them in the garden. Ever since he was 10 months old he's enjoyed his Bournville Cocoa. Mother gives it to him for 'elevenses' and again at 7 o'clock bedtime. 'It helps him sleep,' says Mother, 'and he's never any trouble.' Another thing Keith likes is chocolate spread on bread—2 teaspoonfuls Bournville Cocoa, one of sugar, mixed with fresh milk. And when it comes to sweets and afters—well, here's one you and all the family will enjoy too:—

CHOCOLATE SANDWICH CAKE (Rich)

Cadbury's own popular recipe

3 oz. self-raising flour · 2½–3 oz. margarine
1 tablesp. Bournville Cocoa · 2 eggs · 3 oz. sugar

Cream margarine and cocoa, add sugar, beat to a cream. Beat in eggs gradually, fold in flour and put into well-greased sandwich tin. Bake 25 mins. in mod. hot oven. Cool, cut open, spread with mock whipped cream.

MOCK WHIPPED CREAM

¼ pint milk · 3 teasp. sugar · ½ oz. of cornflour
1½ oz. margarine · a few drops vanilla essence

Mix cornflour to paste with a little milk, heat remainder and when boiling add to the blended cornflour, stirring well. Return to saucepan, bring to boil and cook 3 mins. Cool. Cream the margarine and sugar. Beat in cornflour mixture a little at a time. Add vanilla essence.

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"But what?" said she.

"But *not* if it means breaking the bank to do so," I replied. "A refrigerator's not cheap, you know. What *we* want is the best at the lowest cost, and that's——"

"Prestcold," she said.

"And believe me, old man, she was right. Trust a wife to know what's what where the home's concerned! We looked at 'em all—here, there and everywhere. Ploughed through reams of literature. Studied 'em from every angle, hers *and* mine. Design, capacity, running costs, engineering, features, price. And Prestcold *was* way ahead.

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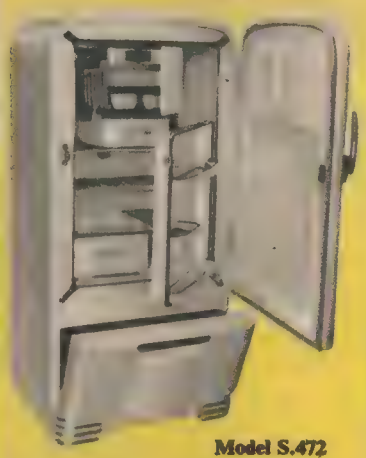

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staring. With difficulty, his back a stiff cage of bruised flesh, the priest slipped from the chair and knelt by the bed.

"I will pray for you," he said. He fumbled across his chest, as he had so often done, for his crucifix. It was not there. He was not disturbed by its absence, but prayed quietly, free of mechanisms, of haste, his words no longer mere processions of recited thought. He felt he was evolving them freshly and wonderfully, out of his own heart. With his eyes closed, he was no longer aware of any external impact about him. War, murder, rape, the endless, hideous, godless revelations: what had seemed like an external shattering of his faith had now in reality simply renewed it. Like cauterizations, bitter and excruciating, they had finally healed.

McAlister, walking up the ward and seeing him kneeling there, slipped her crucifix off her neck and put it into his hands. It was only when the officer pulled it gently towards him that Father Simpson became aware of it fully. Joy flashed through him: an illumination so electrifying and clear that it seemed to him that the Afridi officer and himself were impinged, together, alone, under an immense arc-light. He could see everything with the candescence of revelation: the officer holding the crucifix, drawing it to his lips, an Afridi, a Moslem, an enemy folded at last, through himself, into the body of the Church, the blessed, encompassing arms of the Holy Virgin and all the saints—

"Go ahead and get married! But first I suggest you stay at home a couple of evenings and see the life I live!"

but whether it really happened he never knew.

In the clatter of six Spitfire engines—and a shattering of glass in the eastern wing where the chapel was—all the external impact of life about him came back. The obliterating, roaring wings seemed not only to crush out all other sound but to extinguish slowly the extraordinary light holding himself and Sikander Shah together.

He held to it as long as he could. He did not get up and he could hear the prayers he was saying in his mind as loudly and clearly as if he were roaring them through a megaphone.

When the Spitfires had finally whined away down the valley he opened his eyes and saw that the Afridi officer had died. He prayed again for a few moments with refined and unhurried calm. He could hear a good deal of screaming from the other ward and some yelling from the Pathans outside. He came out of his revelation slowly, crossing himself several times before and after struggling stiffly up from the bed. He walked at last slowly down the ward.

Outside, in the corridor, he met Crane and Colonel Mathieson, and was back, abruptly, in a world whose remoteness he could not grasp for several seconds.

"They're getting the range," Crane said. "One more run and they'll be bang on. It's getting pretty."

"Sikander Shah is dead," he said. He could still see, in that final dazzling burst of light, the crucifix magnetically drawn to the Moslem lips.

"Blast!" the colonel said.

"Almost the last thing he did before he died was to send orders for trucks to evacuate us," the priest said.

"What trucks?" the colonel said. "Where?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"The old, old story," Crane said.

"Once they get the range," the colonel said, "we won't need any trucks. They'd better get here soon."

"I think they will," the priest said. He smiled, again with patience, and now also with a certain triumph, under his bruised distortion.

"If they don't get here by midday," Crane said, "we'd better think up something else—and quick, too."

"It's time we put out a cross," the priest said. "A real one. A big one. On the grass." The light was still there. It had become absorbed now into himself; he was shining and triumphant with its white, internal glow. "I should have thought of it before."

To be continued next week

HOW A CATHOLIC BECOMES A SAINT

Continued from page 8

the case and is opposed by an official known as the *Defensor Fidei*, or more popularly as the Devil's Advocate. The D.F.'s function is to keep the candidate from reaching the altars by criticizing his life and supplying a base or human motive for his good deeds.

Not merely his sins, but even his habits and imperfections, are weighed on the debit side. Sins do not necessarily disqualify; St. Augustine himself was known to have lived with a woman not his wife before he was thirty. The purpose of the tribunal is to establish the first and most essential qualification for the altars—that the candidate suffered martyrdom for the Catholic Faith or practised the Christian virtues to an heroic degree.

In one of Dominic's sermons he admonished the congregation to love one another, not merely the young and beautiful, he said, "but old and ugly people like me." This was construed as being a sin against the virtue of prudence, as a priest should be guarded in his speech. It was accepted, however, that Dominic's relationship with his parishioners was that of a father to his children; he could take such liberties without indignity to his cloth.

Dominic's greatest virtue was his humility. As a teacher of theology he was inclined to be long-winded, and devised a means of checking himself: one of the students was ordered to stand up in class the moment he felt enough had been said to bring the point home, and say: "Brother Dominic, you would do well to be silent." As a writer in a pedantic and wordy century, Dominic consistently fought against the vanity of a neat turn of phrase. He would stop and examine the sentence. If the meaning was not simply and honestly expressed, out the sentence would go.

It was not until 1936 that a Papal degree was promulgated declaring that Dominic had practised the Christian virtues to an heroic degree. That November his body was exhumed at St. Anne's, Sutton, and the bones exposed and identified by order of the Pope. "The four doctors, masked and gowned, stood round the coffin," Father Urban Young remembers. "They gave the ceremony the air of a secret meeting of the Ku Klux Klan. One would lift up a bone. 'Right femur,' he'd announce. 'Agreed,' 'Agreed,' 'Agreed,' the others would say in turn. The bone would be entered in the list of relics, and a priest would lay it reverently in position in a white satin-lined new coffin. There was no odour from the remains. We found the bones as the body had been laid, with hands folded on the breast. At the bottom on the old coffin, under the bones, were little piles of powder, where the flesh had crumbled to dust. This was gathered up carefully in bottles, which are still at St. Anne's Retreat. The wood of the old coffin was later sawn up into tiny fragments, and sent as relics to the faithful, begging them to pray for the Cause."

Father Urban's chief duty since the exhumation has been the publicising of the Cause; hence the stream of articles to the religious Press, lectures and sermons, which usually end with an exhortation for prayers and more prayers for Dominic's beatification. As Urban explains: "All I hope and pray for is that the conditions may be fulfilled." The conditions are that, before Dominic can be beatified, two miracles must be proved as having been worked through his intercession after death.

Sign Of God's Approval

The Church is adamant on this question of miracles. "We on earth might want to make him a saint," Father Urban goes on. "But does God approve? If He approves He will give a sign." Rome's requirements are specific: two first-class miracles in cases where the practice of virtues in the heroic degree has been proved by eye-witnesses both in Ordinary and Apostolic inquiries; and three miracles if the virtues were proved only by witnesses of the second or third order. It is at this point that most causes fail; it is not so much a matter of working a miracle as of convincing the Sacred Congregation, which some people are led to think is in itself a miracle. "All the miracles I've submitted," Father Urban adds, "have been thrown out."

Miracles are usually in the nature of a cure—"a change of structure or tissue, exceeding the bounds of nature." "This," says Father Urban, "is extremely difficult to prove." Medical testimony must be signed by two doctors, one of whom must be non-Catholic, who have examined the case and are prepared to swear on oath. Doctors are chary about swearing to the supernatural; many have refused and miracles have not been able to be proved.

So far, only one miracle has been accepted in the case of Father Dominic. It concerned a certain Brother Damasus, a Passionate student at the Retreat of St. Sosio in southern Italy. On November 11, 1889, Damasus developed a very painful tumour on his knee. It was described as a serious inflammation of the bursa with thickening of the cystic membrane, and treated with every known remedy at the time—potassium, linseed, pomatum, morphine injections, chloral. It was even burnt with fire. The symptoms did not improve. Two doctors, one named Andrei and the other Costantini, had been in attendance.

Nearly two years later, on March 8, 1891, a friend, who had been reading to the patient about Father Dominic, suggested that his intercession be invoked. Damasus, taking the picture out of the front of the book, placed it to his knee and called out: "Obstinate Father that you are, if it is true you are in Paradise, obtain for me this grace, or else I shall say you were a Protestant."

Later that morning the infirmarian came into the patient's room and told him that the doctor would be coming to try another fire burning treatment. When Damasus heard this he exclaimed in great terror: "Make haste, Father Dominic, if you want to obtain this grace for me, or else the doctor will be back today."

After a few minutes the pain is said to have lessened. He touched the knee with his hand and did not feel pain. Then, the report continues, Damasus got out of bed and walked: the tumour had disappeared. Two consultants came from Rome. After examining the diagnosis of Dr. Andrei and Dr. Costantini, they testified: ". . . that such an instantaneous and perfect cure could not have happened as it is reported to have done by the use of the usual means adopted, or by any other means at present known to science."

Beatification is a stage on the way to canonization. In a beatification the Church declares that there is good reason for believing that the person is in Heaven. Certain acts of veneration are permitted, but his cult is very strictly limited. Full public honour is only accorded after canonization, which can only be achieved, as Father Urban says, "with two further miracles proved to the satisfaction of the Sacred Congregation."

Proclaiming A New Saint

The canonization ceremony held at St. Peter's, Rome, is one of the most impressive functions of the sacred liturgy. The important part of the ceremony begins with the reiterated request of the Postulator of the Cause, begging for the canonization of the new saint to be made public. The Papal Secretary of Briefs replies for the Pope that the Holy Father, before making a decision of such importance, wishes the faithful to unite with him in imploring God's assistance. They pray, and three times the Postulator repeats his request. Then the Pope proclaims the canonization of the saint and declares a new feast day in the Roman Calendar.

Papal Solemn Mass follows, during which the new saint is included in the list normally invoked, and the Postulator offers the traditional gifts symbolic of the virtues of the saint—candles, bread, wine and water, two pigeons signifying charity and fidelity, two turtle doves signifying peace and union with the Holy Spirit, and several small birds signifying the saint's desire to ascend to the heights of Heaven.

Father Urban Young's hopes and prayers are for his beloved Cause. When Catholics in England celebrate next week the centenary of the restoration of their bishops, they will pray for the man who gave his life for this end—Father Dominic Barberi. THE END

THE GREAT CONVOLVULUS DERBY

Continued from page 14

got plenty to make us a happy lot, I reckon."

Mr. Potter nodded. A blackbird, shouting in a tree, made the only sound. It might have been 1490, founding year.

"'Course, there's things the village wants. Vicar reckons church wants a new organ pretty bad. Ask Mrs. Wiggins if the Women's Institute doesn't want a new hall. And there's the Lads' Club billiards table dropping to bits. Funny world. S'pose we shall all of us want something as long as we live."

And all at once Mr. Potter changed the subject back again.

"Now, *that's* where the Convolvulus Derby might come in!"

"How d'you mean, sir?" asked the landlord.

"*Charity,*" said Mr. Potter. "A good cause in the village. Suppose I gave a donation to start it off. Would the vicar mind that?"

Ah," said the landlord. "Charity. That's different. Like bran tubs. Don't reckon vicar could say no to that, sir. Mean to say."

That afternoon Mr. Potter called on the vicar to explain what was in his head. And when the vicar understood that there would be no gambling and no tickets sold, that there would be one prize only — which Mr. Potter himself would give —and that it was all just a bit of rollicking fun to provide a little amusement for the village he had come to love, then the vicar was no time in consenting to the Church Organ Fund's appearance at the starting gate. He even went so far as to shake Mr. Potter's hand and describe him as an asset to their little community.

Mrs. Wiggins, for the Women's Institute, and Mr. Musk, for the Lads' Club, were equally enthusiastic and it began to seem a pity there weren't more rusty poles at the back of the Olde Plantagenette. Hints of deserving causes cropped up all over the place, but Mr. Potter was able to smooth away disappointments with a promise to make the Convolvulus Derby an annual event.

After that he was a hero and little children used to wait outside his gate for the chance to hold his hand and go with him to the post office and back. From the way some people talked you could have imagined, one of these years, a little statue on the green with the words on the pedestal: *HORATIO POTTER of Catmint Green, ORIGINATOR OF THE FAMOUS CONVOLVULUS DERBY.* Mr. Potter imagined it. His life at that moment was all smiles.

By half past eleven on the day of the draw, everybody in the village had got through any work they had to do and crowded themselves into the garden at the back of the Plantagenette. With one exception. The vicar wasn't too sure about appearing officially on licensed premises. But he sent the curate along, and the curate had quite a merry time on grapefruit.

The three plants now had labels on their poles—1, 2 and 3. No. 3 was favourite, being three inches farther up its pole than the other two for a start. To one side were three or four chairs and a table for the ceremony. There sat Mrs. Wiggins, Mr. Musk and the curate, and there stood Mr. Potter, surprising himself by making a genteel speech.

He had been so happy, he said, since coming to live in Catmint Green that he felt he just had to do something for the village, and he hoped that what he was starting that day might in the course of time make that delightful corner *renowned,* if only in a small way. "As you might say," he explained, "Eccles cakes and Doncaster butterscotch and Honiton lace—so the Catmint Green Convolvulus Derby." (Cheers.)

He trusted that throughout the summer the representatives of the three deserving causes on his right would find a pleasure as well as a duty in hoeing, watering and fertilizing, and generally looking after their charges, and that the rest of the village would derive amusement from time to time by dropping in to see how the race was going. Until—and here Mr. Potter went in for a dramatic pause—until the first Monday in August, Bank Holiday.

"On that day," Mr. Potter concluded, "I shall be honoured to present, to the representative of the fund whose convolvulus has gone farthest up its pole, a cheque for five pounds. And now," said Mr. Potter, beaming, "for the draw."

The landlord's little daughter bobbed up with the landlord's two best hats. In one were three numbers, in the other were three names.

She dipped and pulled out No. 3. The favourite! She dipped again and pulled out "The Church Organ Fund." The cheers broke out again and the curate found himself having his hand shaken. The landlord's little daughter dipped again and the Women's Institute drew No. 1 and the Lads' Club No. 2. Then the draw was officially entered up on a piece of card and drawing-pinned to the wall behind the bar.

After that Mr. Potter had to listen to a recital of all his virtues by Mrs. Wiggins, Mr. Musk and the curate (Mrs. Wiggins actually called him Our Leading Citizen), then he rose again, thanked everybody within sight, faced the three plants on their poles, and, as the clock struck twelve, raised his glass and solemnly said:

"They're off!"

The excitement of the start over, things jogged along quietly for a while. Each morning the curate and Mrs. Wiggins and Mr. Musk would look in and put in a few minutes' work with hand fork and watering can. Lime and soot and manure were worked into the soil round the three plants and leaves were examined for grubs.

But there wasn't much in the way of drama. The garden filled up of an evening, and experts with tankards in their hands debated the chances of plant against plant, recommending this fertilizer and the other. And the various heights were chalked up on a blackboard from day to day. But the whole affair was cosy and self-contained and Mr. Potter himself could not have questioned its gentility.

Then one evening in July a young man on a motor-bike took his girl for a run out to Catmint Green. He was a reporter on the county paper, but he didn't say so. He said, "What's all this?" on seeing the mild commotion round the three poles. And on being told what was all this he took his girl away and came back next day with a photographer. He thought "all this" was a bit too good to waste on a county paper, and sent report and pictures to a London daily. Overnight Catmint Green became national news.

The story appeared on a Wednesday. On the Thursday evening a score of cars littered the green and the lower walls of the inn disappeared behind a hundred stacked-up bicycles. There was even a motor coach, labelled "Mystery Tour," which had come out of its way to see the local sight. Across the fields came droves of pedestrians. And Sammy turned up in a silver sports car.

"Oh dear!" the vicar was heard to say. "I do hope we're not going to have a lot of *this.*"

He meant all of it in the lump, but in particular he probably meant Sammy. Sammy had a middle-aged face like a steak not cooked enough. He had a black and white check cap, a brown and white check sports jacket, green trousers and a canary-coloured sweater. He had a professional interest in horse racing, a friendly smile, and called everybody —including the vicar, the only time they met—"boy."

That Thursday evening he forced his way into the crowded inn.

"What's all this?" he demanded.

When the idea had been explained to him he stood in front of the three poles and blew out his cheeks. "Well, rot my socks!" he said.

He got talking to Mr. Milligan, the postman, who was enthusiastic about the favourite convolvulus.

"That's got it," said Mr. Milligan. "It's had it from the start."

Sammy sucked a gold tooth and lifted one eyebrow. "You reckon it's going to win, boy?"

"Well, look at it."

Sammy did look at it. He was thinking hard. "Tell you what, boy" —he prodded Mr. Milligan in the waistcoat—"I'll give you five to one."

"Pardon?" said Mr. Milligan.

"I've had a flutter on most things in my time," said Sammy, "from match sticks under the old canal bridge to how long it takes to shift twelve pints and twelve doughnuts. I don't mind havin' a flutter on *weeds.*"

Mr. Milligan, who had never lived anywhere but Catmint Green, and the greatest passion of whose life was dahlias, didn't know what Sammy was talking about. He had to ask.

"Come and wet your whistle in the bar, boy," said Sammy. "You've given me an idea."

The next morning Mr. Milligan had a headache, the village had an old-world green covered with cigarette ends and empty potato-crisp packets, the vicar had a worried look, the landlord of the Olde Plantagenette (who could not stop thinking about his till) had a silly smile on his face, and Mr. Potter had a Big Doubt.

During the afternoon a scarlet van with a contraption on top appeared in front of the inn and unfolded itself. It even got inside the garden after an argument about the "rights"—for which the landlord succeeded in receiving thirty shillings. There a loud man with a hand-mike got Mr. Potter in a corner and made him say a lot of things he hadn't thought out for himself. As a result of which, by the end of the week a newsreel had smeared the renown of "the world's quaintest contest" from one end of Britain to the other and Catmint Green had arrived.

"I really *do* hope," said the vicar to Mr. Potter, "that you haven't—er—started something we shall—er—if I may put it so—have cause to—er—do not misunderstand me, please —er—regret."

"That *I* haven't?" said Mr. Potter.

"I am thinking of the—er—dear villagers," said the vicar.

Mr. Potter, too, was thinking of the dear villagers. And thinking of them quite upset him. For fame had taken Catmint Green like an all-in wrestler with no regard for the rules.

It was no longer the same place that Mr. Potter had first seen from his bicycle. Smiles were going and soft eyes were becoming hard. The parish clerk began to work up a useful sideline in picture postcards of the climbing convolvuli which he actually peddled in front of the inn every evening. And the prices of things in the village shop suddenly went up.

All the women who were lucky enough to live in houses facing the green itself did eighteenpenny teas for two shillings a head, and all the women who were not lucky enough to live in houses facing the green itself stopped being on speaking terms with those who were. Mr. Crundle's meadow, just past the church, was turned by Mr. Crundle into a car park at sixpence an hour. Everybody who could be was on the make.

"They never used to *think* about money before," sighed the curate, running into Mr. Potter one morning. "Now they have so much time to be nasty they have no time to be nice. I've never seen such a change, and

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READERS with personal problems can obtain the help of John Bull's team of experts. Inquiries (other than medical) should be addressed to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

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Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Map Of The World
Dark Days
In Tommy's Pocket
Against Us
Lesson Of Korea
A Bit Of Peace
Honour And Glory
Leaving Home
Speed—Speed—Speed
Thoroughly
To Stem The Torrent
From The First
Grandpa's Hero
Child Of Nature
How He Escaped
Fashions Change, But
Pandemonium
A Birthday Present
Their Secret
In The Village Pub

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

A Man To.....
Made A Good.....
When I'm .....
The.....Of It
Bundle Of .....
Mrs. Mop.....And

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,751 (or Xword 703), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated October 21, and in JOHN BULL, dated October 28, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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£25: L. Pearson, 22 Wood Street, Walthamstow, E.17: ONE OF THE GANG—OF FOOD POISONERS, HAND.

OTHER AWARDS: £10: W. S. S. Roberts, 1 Lancresse, Bugle, Cornwall: ON OUR TOES — IN CASE PAVLOVA'S COUNTRYMEN——. £10: E. Willis, 38 Gas-house Road, Basingstoke: MOTHER KNOWS—"THE ROPES"—*And* "CHAINS." £5: Mrs. W. M. G. Kerr, 56 Florence Road, New Cross, S.E.14: FLOATING ALONG — INTO TREASURY. MILLIONAIRE'S YACHT. £5: F. E. Morris, 3 Camberley Avenue, Raynes Park, S.W.20: ON OUR STILE—PICTURING *Our* EASY CHAIRS. £5: S. Munday, 156 Lewisham Road, Lewisham, S.E.13: ON OUR WINDOW-SILL —*Only* "BEGGARS" CALLING, NOWADAYS. £5: Mrs. G. L. Randall, "Windyridge," Gowerton, Swansea: PLACE TO LIVE IN—SLAVERY—UNCLE *Joe's* "CABIN." £5: Mrs. W. Workman, Hillside, Wortley Road, Wotton-under-Edge, Glos: LOOKED A BIT QUEER—TO DAD'S HEN, *Egg*!

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Across Clues — **XWORD 703**

1. No one likes to be met with words which do this
4. More and more people are learning to associate teeth with this
5. For a great many people, an outing means
6. These are encouraged by army authorities
10. Garden should prove less expensive if you have plenty of this
13. A man doesn't often get this from his barber
14. Timing of this doesn't need to be precise

Down Clues

1. Badly behaved child may well expect to get this occasionally
2. Can trouble a man so much that he loses sleep because of it
3. May have mischievous effect by distracting a man's attention from things more important to him
7. Is likely to be prevented from squeaking by lavish oiling
8. They may drip with water
9. Lovely one is often admired on river
11. When a man slips in for a quick one he often hasn't time to
12. There's a chance that certain plants will be spoilt by

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B. .....

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Closing Postmark, **1,751** MON., OCT. 2

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. Value.....

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564

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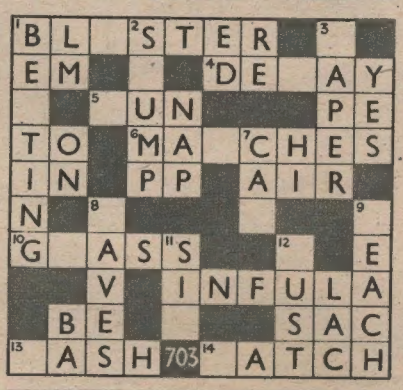

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

Puzzle and Form strictly copyright **703** Closing Postmark, MONDAY, OCT. 2

I enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Signed.....

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In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink not pencil.

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated October 14.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature indicates agreement to Rules.

really, I fear for the outcome. I have heard — mind, I have only *heard* — that quite a lot of them actually have what I understand is called money *on* the race with that awful Sammy person who is always coming over from the town. And I'm told that the landlord of the Plantagenette has put up another gate and is charging threepence to go into the garden."

But it was another change that hurt Mr. Potter most. Here and there, he realized, some people were lining up with the vicar. Women not lucky enough to live in houses facing the green itself. And wives of men who had suddenly discovered in the highly coloured Sammy a tasty line in company that had long been lacking in Catmint Green. Mr. Potter felt that he was being *blamed* for something.

There was nothing he actually heard. But he noticed that certain little children were called in by their mothers when he turned corners on his way to the post office. And at the post office itself Mrs. Milligan was noticeably cool.

EVERYBODY seemed to be going sour. Even the landlord of the inn, rattled by a prosperity he had never hoped to live to know, snarled behind his bar, nightly complaining that he had only one pair of hands.

The last straw but one was when a letter appeared in the county paper complaining that Catmint Green, "one of the loveliest of Old England's jewels," had been turned into a fair-ground by somebody without a soul.

"Every night," said the letter, "motorists, cyclists, hikers and motor-coachers wearing gaudy paper hats swarm across it like locusts for the satisfaction of gaping at three weedy plants on three rusty poles. Never has futility touched such a depth."

Somebody without a soul. Mr. Potter was very nearly in tears.

The very last straw came when the awful word was first whispered on the trodden-out green.

"*Doping!*"

"Doping?" Mr. Potter ran round asking.

"I understand it is what they do to greyhounds," said the curate. The curate's cheeks were a frightening white, and he seemed to be hating Mr. Potter. "Come and see," he said, turning away to the inn.

They got the story in bits from different people. Somebody had been seen climbing the high wall by moonlight the night before, and there was a suspicion that something had been sprinkled round the roots of the favourite—a suspicion which let in Sammy for some nasty looks. The poor plant was so sick now that the experts reckoned it wouldn't move an inch for the next week.

"I won't have it!" declared Mr. Potter, nearly dancing with rage. "I never intended anything beastly like this. I—I—I'll clear the garden!"

The garden was like a human beehive. Everybody was buzzing, some

PICKLES COMES BACK

Wilfred Pickles, whose autobiography (serialized in JOHN BULL) was one of the outstanding publishing successes of last winter, is bringing his famous radio programme *Have a Go!* back to the air this week. He will be visiting some two dozen towns in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland for his new series.

Following the start of the autumn *Have a Go!* sessions, he will be contributing a special series of articles to the *Daily Herald*. They begin publication on Tuesday, September 26, under the title "How Do, Britain!"

suggesting keeping a watch at night with dogs, others hinting that the other plants would go the same way soon, since it was a put-up job on the part of the landlord to ginger up trade. Everybody was suspicious of everybody else, and it wouldn't have taken much to start a free fight.

"Put-up job!" Mr. Potter fumed.

"I suppose you know the vicar has heard all about the goings-on," said the curate. "He has sent me to say he must withdraw the Organ Fund from the scandal. He refuses to be associated——"

"It's disgraceful!" cried poor Mr. Potter, his life's dream beginning to crumble. He shook his fist at Sammy, wedged close to him in the crowds.

Mr. Potter forced his way through the mob and tried to shout in a genteel way. "Er—ladies and gentlemen!"

A short man pulled Mr. Milligan's sleeve. Mr. Milligan took no notice. The short man pulled his sleeve again, and still he took no notice. "Listen, everybody, *please*!" Mr. Potter shouted. But nobody listened.

A third time the short man pulled Mr. Milligan's sleeve. Mr. Milligan, past endurance, sleeve-pulling on one side, nagging wife on the other, swung round, took the short man by the throat, pinned him against the wall and thumped his face. It was like a cue in a play. A thwarted backer of No. 3, to relieve his feelings, kicked Mr. Milligan in the calves. Then everybody was at it. Near the side gate somebody shouted "Police!"

"Will everybody please *listen*!" Mr. Potter pleaded. "This is my race and I won't have any disgusting jiggery-pokery. Do you hear? I started this. I can finish it."

A piece of limp lettuce sailed through the air and settled in his open mouth. Seething, he suddenly made a dash for the three rusty poles and began to tear up the convolvuli by the roots.

"Here, boy, you can't do that," said Sammy. "I say, boy. No, boy."

Mr. Potter whirled the runners round his head and let go. And there was Sammy, cursing Catmint Green and everybody in it, draped in the most famous convolvuli in the world. Then the village's only policeman appeared.

It was a disturbance of the peace all right. But Sammy was big and heavy and probably fighting drunk. And an argument with Mr. Milligan would mean an argument with Mrs. Milligan. The policeman picked on Mr. Potter.

"What you ought to do, sir," he said, "is nip indoors and have a good sleep."

"*I*?" Mr. Potter gasped.

"Who started it all?" shouted Mrs. Milligan. "We was all right here till you shoved your nose in with your fairgrounds!"

Shouted support for Mrs. Milligan came from every corner of the garden as Mr. Potter, trembling, tried to replace his collar on his back stud.

"See?" said the policeman. "Sleep it off."

"Go to the Devil!" said Mr. Potter, for once forgetting to be genteel.

"No need to be nasty, sir," said the policeman.

"This," shouted Mr. Potter, shaking his fist, "this is the most loathsome—most . . . loathsome—place I have ever seen. I'll show you!"

He showed them. Next day there was a board in the front garden of Tythe Cottage: "This Desirable Residence for Sale with Vacant Possession."

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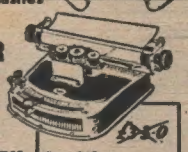

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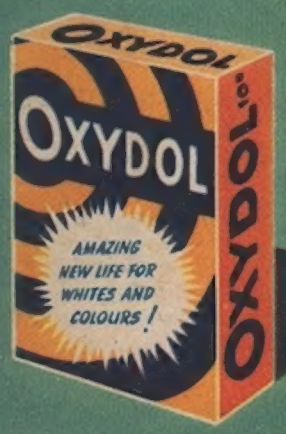

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